

£2,980 IN PRIZES

PEARSON'S

£1,000
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

already divided
amongst winners
in Changelets.

£220 offered
this week.

No. 970.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 18, 1909. EXTENDED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY]

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

Once used is permanently adopted.

PATRONIZED BY **H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.**

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

This Prudential Offer is made to the readers of Pearson's Weekly, 18/2/09. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our

PRUDENTIAL
REAL
SEAMLESS
WOVEN
HALF-GUINEA
(Regd.)



RUGS
GIVEN
AWAY
All New
Designs.



Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c.; handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets will be sent out as sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

Over 400,000 sold during the past twelve months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!
With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two Carpets and TWO RUGS for

10/6
178 Belvoir Road, Coalville,
Leicester, 4/5/1908.

H. COX, Esq., writes: "Please send me two of your Prudential Brussels Carpets and Rugs, amounting to 50, enclosed. The last we had before from you has been in wear twelve years."

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, &c., sent free if, when writing, you mention Pearson's Weekly (18/2/09). Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

GALAXY BARGAIN BALE

CONTAINING—

8 BLANKETS 9/6

The lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount.

- 2 Superb Quality Cream Blankets, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52in. by 72in., beautifully whipped with crimson.
- 2 Heather-Coloured Blankets, a most durable and useful blanket, size 50in. by 70in., bordered.
- 2 Beautifully Combed White Blankets, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished and edged, size 51in. by 70in.
- 2 Cream Col Blankets, warm and soft, wash well, with pretty whipped border finish.



All orders accepted in solution as they arrive by post. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied. 67 Lewin Road, Streatham Common, S.W., 18/2/1908.

Mrs. Margary writes:—"Will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brussels Carpet, size 10ft. by 12ft. Cheque enclosed 11/6." Mrs. Margary states, "I have had several of these carpets during the last sixteen years, and have been very well pleased with them."

READ

T.P.'S fascinating articles
now appearing each week in

M.A.P.
EDITED BY
T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Park Drive

Just try a "PARK DRIVE" Cigarette, you'll wonder how it's possible to sell them at "Ten for Tuppence."

Fine Virginia. Sweet and Cool. You will enjoy "PARK DRIVES."

10 FOR 2D

A Coupon in each packet of 100 given for Coupons sent in.

Ask your tobacconist for "PARK DRIVES" to-day. Made by GALLANER LTD.—the Independent Firm, Belfast and London.

Cigarettes

£2,980 IN CASH

awarded in CHANGELETS, including

£220 Offered this Week.

1st PRIZE, £50. 2nd PRIZE, £25. 3rd PRIZE, £10. £135 IN OTHER PRIZES.

RESULT OF No. 15.

THIS week our list of awards contains no fewer than 228 names which equals the record published at the beginning of last month.

Last week we told you not to allow modest opinions of your efforts to keep you from entering the competitions. This week our advice is, Don't let your neighbours throw cold water on your attempts.

You know by experience what we mean. Perhaps you have tried CHANGELETS two or three times already and have failed to secure a prize. Your friends—good, well-meaning people, no doubt—laugh and say, "I told you so;" and you are discouraged from trying again.

But why should cheap gibes of this nature dishearten you? Because you have failed to win in former competitions is no reason why you should not send in the best CHANGELET the next time. Already successful competitors have told us that the prizes have come to them only after repeated efforts. Their experience may also be yours.

Or, perhaps, you are like the man who, feeling confident that he could evolve better CHANGELETS than those published each week, never makes the attempt because he thinks his friends might laugh at him.

Why should you be afraid of their ridicule? If you won our big prize the laugh would be on your side, wouldn't it? Don't be discouraged, but enter our new contest at once.

The original paragraph in Contest No. 15 was:

UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE THE VILLAGE SMITHY STANDS.

The following are the names and addresses of the winners, together with their attempts:

First prize of £50: Alex. M. Stewart, Albert Square, Broughty Ferry.

UNDER A MISAPPROPRIATION I SHOOK THE VILLAGE PUMP HANDLE.

Second prize of £25: J. F. Hartley, The Limes, Stonehouse, Glos.

UNDER A HEAVY HAMMER LIES THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S THUMB!

Third prize of £10: E. Ralph, 194 Elm Grove, Brighton.

UNDER A DWARFED JAPANESE TREE THE SMITHY COULDN'T STAND.

Here are some other good Changelets sent in:

Under a cloak of memory the village patriarch prevaricates.

Under a beard, shavers say, the weak chin stands.

About a mile from nowhere the village station stands.

We'll sell that chestnut tree, the village wants firewood.

Under a spreading newspaper's protection the honey-mooners travelled unnoticed.

Under a spreading water jet the bellicose tomcat subsides.

Upon a spreading padded mat the wrestling humbug stands.

Under a "London particular" fog the "village" disappears entirely.

Under the spreading motor dust the village is obscured.

For List of Winners of other Prizes see Page III of the Red Cover.

ALL ABOUT CHANGELETS.

In this contest, Changelets, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove five of the words and substitute five others in the same places, and thus give the sentence a different meaning.

Here is an example which will make the matter perfectly clear to you. You might be given a sentence such as this:

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.

By the removal of five words, and the substitution of five new ones, we get the following sentence. The new words are underlined:

Mary had a little lamb, its tail won't wag, it's glued.

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in this manner. The paragraph is:

People who live in glasshouses should never throw stones.

Any alteration in a word whatever will be regarded as a change. For example: live changed into lives becomes a new word. Punctuation marks may be added, altered, or

omitted, and capital letters may be substituted for small letters, or vice versa, without being regarded as changes.

Lightly cross out on the form below FIVE WORDS—NO MORE, NO FEWER—and write in ink carefully and clearly above each crossed-out word the word you wish to substitute. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.

2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.

3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "CHANGELETS No. 18" in the top left-hand corner.

4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, February 18th.

The adjudication of all attempts sent in will be carried out with the greatest possible care and consideration. £50 will be awarded this week to the sender of the Changelet which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. £25 will be awarded to the sender of the paragraph which is considered to be the second best, and £10 to the sender of the third best. The remaining £135 will be divided in other Prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

Just to Show You How It's Done.



Paragraph: People who live in glasshouses should never throw stones.



Changelet: Sweethearts who swoon in glasshouses should lower the blinds.

With five words altered can become

Five Words Only to be Altered.

CHANGELETS, No. 18.		Postal Order No.
People	who	live
In	glasshouses	should
never	throw	stones.

I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed

Address



A DOCTOR has been taking tin for experimental purposes. All of us like to amass "tin," but few care to take it internally.

"FLYING for women" is the latest craze in France. If the Suffragettes go on and prosper, flying for women will be more fashionable in this country.

"THE man who can talk glibly has more professions open to him than anyone else," said a speaker recently. That of a liar is generally most popular among the people he describes.

DURING the strike of linotype operators at Paris newspapers were produced in manuscript. Our editor says that even this is better than that some manuscripts should be produced in newspapers.

AN advertiser in a contemporary writes: "Situation wanted for girl (16). Wage no objection." We like to see that fine spirit, which no obstacle can daunt.

MUSIC teaches people co-operation, not to be shy or selfish, according to the Hon. E. Lyttelton. We have noticed ourselves that people who always "bring their music" are seldom shy.

AN early rising society has been formed, all members of which are to rise with the lark. Some excitement may be anticipated when the members duly nip up hand in hand with this familiar bird into the bright blue sky.

THE crews of four new Russian submarines have requested that their lives may be insured at the time of launching these vessels. Perhaps this is done on the principle of carrying an umbrella in order to insure fine weather.

THE creator of an American popular cheap novel detective, a volume of whose exploits appears weekly, is suffering from nervous breakdown due to the strain of writing fifteen thousand words a day. No information as to the state of his readers is available.

GOLFERS ought to be grateful to the LANCET, which has discovered that business worries are responsible for bad play. On the links we have sometimes heard other things blamed.

PRISONERS are in for good times. Encouraged by a legacy which one of their number has received from a reformed burglar, gaolers have resolved to be less harsh in the treatment of their charges.

"A BOON to travellers," we learn, "is the telescopic umbrella, which can be shut down, and put in the inside pocket of an overcoat." When may we expect the collapsible traveller who can be placed up in the parcel-rack out of the way?

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER says that the general public should realise that, while the profession does much for them, they do little for the profession. We always thought that "the profession" lived on our money—what more do they expect?

"BEAUTY, Babies, and 'Bedience are, one might say, the three B's of womanhood." So thinks Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the well-known author. But we know quite a number of poor women who have to do the best they can with Buckets, Brooms, and Black-eyes.

The Editor's Notebook.

A Dry Bath.

ONLY those who know General Booth intimately know the fund of his humour. Mark Twain is no better storyteller than the head of the Salvation Army. A speech by the General bristles with good and new stories, and rightly so, because he realises that that is the best way to keep his audience in good humour and point quickly the lesson he would teach. A part of his success as a speaker has been made that way.

I remember once sitting at table with him, when he was in great form. It was four or five years ago, when his Embankment coffee stalls and his Kingsway soup kitchen were being started, and when Hassall's famous poster of the vacuum cleaner first appeared on all the hoardings.

And during the evening he told this story:

"A burly tramp entered one of our East-end shelters one bitter winter's night.

"Can yer give me a bunk?" he said.

"Yes," said the officer in charge, and, other formalities having been completed, the man was told to go downstairs and take a bath.

"Cold?"

"Well, pretty near so," was the reply.

"Nix, not me," said the tramp. "Why, the papers say as how everything is up to date in the Army. Catch me shedding me duds. Give me a dust down with one of them vacuum cleaning things, and I'm on."

A Fool's Reason.

ANOTHER story of the poor that General Booth told was this:

"Marriages contracted for wrong reasons lead to divorce. There is only one right reason for marriage—but there are a thousand wrong ones. That is why so many marriages are failures.

"An instance of a wrong marriage came to my attention during the hard times. A youth of nineteen applied to me for relief. He was out of work, he said, married, and the father of two children.

"You married?" I said. "What induced you to marry so early and under such circumstances?"

"Well, you see, sir," he said. "I was out of work at the time, and hadn't anything else to do."

What He Was Good For.

THE most worried man in America recently has been Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, the head of the American Opera Syndicate. Two of his prime donne quarrelled over their respective parts, and threatened to ruin him, a thing that one single singer has been known to threaten successfully to such resourceful people as Barnum and Colonel Mapleson.

But Hammerstein may take some comfort from this story of him—this incident where he had not an outraged lady singer to deal with:

A young millionaire, being enamoured of the new school of opera, persuaded Mr. Hammerstein to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in *Thais*, *Salome*, *Tosca*, and other famous modern works.

Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man's powerful voice, said gently:

"I am afraid that you won't suit for any of the very subdued, very subtly-modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' later on, and I'd much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene."

Jenny's Quick Wit.

AND, speaking of Barnum and the lady, Jenny Lind, who threatened to ruin him, because she wouldn't sing for him when she was announced to the extent of five thousand pounds' worth of posters, here is an incident of the sharp words that once arose between the two of them:

Barnum was in a crusty mood one morning, when Jenny Lind capered into his office, rumbled up his hair, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, how do you account for my tremendous popularity?"

"It's just a fad," P. T. grunted. "Just a fashionable fad. There's truth in the old saying, you know, that one fool makes many."

"I can quite believe that," said Jenny Lind, and she pointed to a group picture of the showman and his children over the desk. "What a large family you've got, Mr. Barnum!"

The Earthquake.

THE late W. L. Alden, the humorist, was one of the most abstemious of men; in fact, he was pretty near being a teetotaler. I don't know that I ever saw him take wine or spirits in all the years I knew him, except a glass of claret at the mid-day and evening meals during his last illness.

During the later years of his life he spent the

winter abroad, sometimes in Genoa, sometimes in Naples, and once, I think, in Cairo, and usually his four or five months' residence on the shores of the Mediterranean would not cost him more than fifty pounds.

Once, on his return from Naples, I remember him telling me this story:

"L. (a brother novelist) was in Naples also, and asked me, one night, to dine with him at one of the big hotels on the Waterfront just outside Naples—one of those hotels along that massive stone embankment against which the waves of the sea often break in showers of spray thirty or forty feet high.

"After dinner we went for a walk along the embankment, and we got pretty well drenched with the spray. Soon we reached a statue, and, lo, it nodded gravely towards us.

"Did you see that statue nod?" said L. to me.

"I certainly did," said I.

"Well," said he, "I'm going back to the hotel and to bed before I get run in. It's that confounded Capri wine."

"So, ashamed of ourselves, back we went, and sneaked up to bed.

"But at breakfast table next morning both of us seemed to be amazingly fresh considering our dissipation of the night before, and we could not understand why we had such good appetites until the waiter said:

"Did the gentlemen feel last night's slight earthquake?"

A Great Sin.

SOME wags in a well-known literary club are telling a cruel story about a certain newspaper photographer. It seems that he was once sent to snapshot, and, if possible, interview, Father —, a priest famous both for his wit and his good deeds.

Father — was in the confessional, the snapshotter was told, but, no doubt, he could go in and see the reverend gentleman if there were no one with him. So in went the photographer, who found the priest alone, and he began a timorous conversation, awed somewhat by the unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good day, Father."

"Good day, my son."

"Father, I am a photographer from the DAILY MIRROR."

"Too bad, my son, too bad; but, very well, I absolve you from that."

Another Interview with Morgan.

I TOLD a story a week or two ago of how an American reporter once succeeded in interviewing that most unapproachable person, Mr. J. P. Morgan. This has induced a correspondent to send me the following story of the same thing:

It appears that the newspaper man, who had made sundry attempts to see the financier, both at his office and at his residence, was each time denied admittance. The young man was at his wife's end to devise a means to carry out the instructions of his chief. Finally, however, his opportunity came accidentally. This occurred in the course of an interview the reporter was having with another man high in financial circles.

In their conversation the moneyed man, for some reason or other, had given the reporter his card; whereupon the latter was seized with a great idea. Hastening to the residence of Mr. Morgan, he sent in both his own card and that of the financier from whom he had just parted.

As he had surmised, the doors were opened to him, and a most gracious reception was accorded by Mr. Morgan.

When he had stated the reason for his call, the financier said:

"Do you know, young man, that, at least, ten reporters have tried to see me to-day with reference to this question? I have declined to see any of them."

The reporter smiled and replied:

"Yes, sir, I know that, for I was the whole ten?" Whereupon the magnate was so pleased with the enterprise and persistence of the reporter that he violated his rule, and gave his views expression at some length.

Real Lordly Chauffeurs.

SINCE it has become usual for younger sons of the English aristocracy to engage in the automobile business, it is extremely difficult for the ordinary purchaser to distinguish between the professional chauffeur and the aristocratic driver who occasionally exhibits a car to a client. There are at least thirty young Englishmen of noble families studying the fine points of motoring and taking customers for trial runs, with the result that some amusing mistakes are made.

Recently a young cousin of the Duke of Beaufort was instructed by his employer to exhibit a car to one of the London newly rich, the wife of a retired tradesman. The young man made himself agreeable, and, when the car returned to the big house in

Belgravia, the customer alighted, and, pressing a half-crown upon the chauffeur, said:

"There, my lad! and take care not to spend it foolishly!"

The young man drove back to his employer, a son of Lord Llangatlock, and indignantly recounted his experience.

"Well, you can consider yourself jolly lucky," was the consoling rejoinder. "The last time I saw the lady she gave me only a shilling."

A Good Test.

THOUGH at the time a comparatively young man and scarcely known, Sir Frederick Treves was one of the judges chosen for the section of healthful and reasonable dress at the great "Health Exhibition" in London. When he was asked one day how he knew if dresses for his girls were really up to the standard of health, he replied:

"Oh, I hold up my hat at arm's length, and, if they can kick it out of my hand without inconvenience, I consider the dress to be all right."

All the Requisites.

HERE is a story told by Sir Frederick:

Two young physicians were exchanging news for the first time since their graduation from the medical school.

"I was surprised when I heard you'd settled at Beach Hill," said one to the other, laughing. "I've always heard it spoken of as such a healthy suburb. I wondered if you'd find any patients there."

"My dear man," said his class-mate, earnestly, "it is a healthy suburb, but it is also the stronghold of football, every family has its motor-car, and there never was such a place before for giving children's parties. I'm doing splendidly, thank you."

He Came to the Right Place.

AND here is another:

A Colonial, whose business frequently brings him to London, once told Sir Frederick of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a 'bus.

The 'bus was fairly crowded, so the Colonial climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a person in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a leaden sky overhead, and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolis.

As the conductor came to the top the red-turbaned person, evidently an Indian Parsee, got down.

"Wot sort of a chap is that?" asked the driver of the conductor.

"I fancies that 'e's one of them fellers that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, eh!" repeated the driver, with a shiver. "Then I suppose he comes over 'ere to 'ave a rest."

Latest Story of Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has a fairly well sustained reputation of not mincing his words when he speaks of persons to whom he is opposed. The latest story of this propensity of his concerns a reporter and an editor.

The reporter was sent to interview the president, and was received cordially by Mr. Roosevelt, who at once asked him what paper he represented. When he learned the name of the paper, he exploded.

"I am sorry," he said, "you represent the paper you do. The editor of your paper is an infamous scoundrel and an unmitigated liar. But I know you cannot help it. All heaven and earth could not prevent him being what he is. I want you to tell him I said this. Now, fire away, and I will do what I can for you."

Whether the reporter carried the message or not is not related.

New Instruments of Torture.

THERE were some amusing passages in the speeches on the occasion of the presentation at Yarmouth of new instruments to the local Salvation Army band. Bandmaster Chittleburgh told how he started the band with one big drum twenty-four years ago, and described the artifices of string and soap with which he had endeavoured to make certain wheezy instruments airtight.

With unusual candour, he apologised for all the tortures the band had inflicted upon the public when in its infancy, but now it is composed of thirty-five instruments, and had been raised to the dignity of a silver band. A two-thousand shilling subscription had met the cost of the new instruments.

An amusing story was related of a clergyman who once asked why the band was making "all that noise." Promptly came the retort:

"What are the church bells ringing for?"

The cleric replied:

"To call the people to church."

The Salvationist rejoinder was:

"Well, while your bells are calling the people to church, our band goes out and fetches them in."

Everything suggests an article which might be written. Dean Swift once wrote one on a housemaid's mop. Look about you for ideas and send us the result. We pay for ideas.

A QUICK CHANGE.



Mr. Chorley takes a Stroll which Leads to Some Exciting Adventures. Related by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

CHORLEY was taking a stroll in the suburbs the other afternoon, when he saw a house that took his fancy very much. Evidently the builders had only just finished with it, for the street-door was wide open, as if to invite possible purchasers to step in and have a look round. Chorley, therefore, walked in.

The decorations inside pleased him mightily. The wall-papers were quite superior goods of their kind, and the painting was in nice taste. Mentally resolving that it would be worth his while to make an offer for a place like that, Chorley walked upstairs.

The first room he entered looked on to a large garden, and Chorley opened the window to get a better view. As he did so a gentleman, with fierce moustaches, and a button-hole in his coat, hurried into the room and shouted:

"Here, I say, confound it, who the dickens are you?"

Chorley explained that he had just walked in to have a look round the house. The gentleman with the moustaches muttered something about interfering people who can't mind their own business, and then, assuming an air of suavity, he added:

"Oh, quite so, of course. Have you seen the lofts at the top of the house?"

Chorley said he hadn't, and the stranger said he would be delighted to show them, especially as he had borrowed a ladder from next door for the purpose. He said that the value of a house depended on the size of the lofts, which kept a constant supply of fresh air pouring down without any draughts.

Chorley agreed, and considered the stranger a most agreeable person. He went up the ladder to the loft, there being no stairs, and waited at the top for his new friend. The other, however, merely called up to him:

"I must be going now. I wish you to understand that I object to strangers coming in and strolling over a house that I'm building for myself. See?"

"Aren't you coming up?" cried Chorley, a little taken aback by the man's attitude.

"No, I'm not," said the stranger. "I'll send a man in later to help you down. You can stay up there, and examine the lofts for a bit. It'll teach you not to make so free with other people's property." And, so saying, he shouldered the ladder and set it against the opposite wall out of Chorley's reach.

"Here! half a minute!" pleaded Chorley, but with a derisive laugh the stranger had gone.

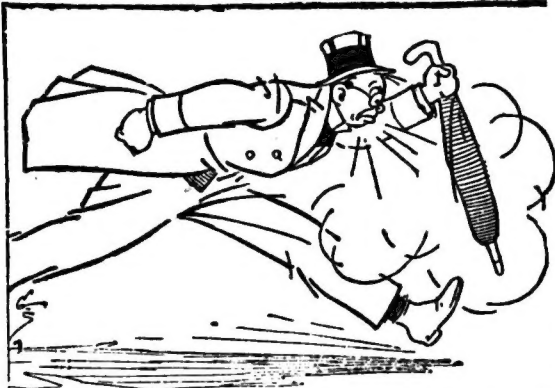
Chorley walked up and down the loft for a moment or so in a state of great irritation. It was too far to drop to the floor below, and he didn't see how he was going to get down, unless somebody should be moved by curiosity like himself, and come in to see the house.

All at once, to his great joy, he heard a hurried footstep on the stairs below. A rather ragged-looking man was coming up at full speed. He didn't look like a man who was thinking of buying a house. Indeed, it seemed to Chorley that the first time the new-comer had any money to spare he might do worse than buy soap with it. But he would be, at least, able to move the ladder back into position.

"Hallo!" Chorley shouted out, as the man came up the second flight.

The ragged-looking man stopped suddenly, and called out:

"What's that? Who are you? Don't you try and stop me, or it'll be the worse for you."



Chorley walked up and down the loft in a state of great irritation.

"I don't want to stop you," Chorley retorted. "I only want you to put that ladder up against the wall, so that I can get down."

"That's all right," said the man, putting the ladder into position. "Don't come down. I'll come up. We can do a bit of business together."

Before Chorley could reply the man was up the ladder and at his side.

"Come on, guv'nor," he said to Chorley. "There ain't a minute to lose. The police is after me. I just pinched an old chap's watch. They never see me come in here; but they're lookin' for me up an' down the street."

"I don't quite see—" Chorley began.

"I'll jolly soon show you, guv'nor," replied the man. "Off with your coat, sharp! Be quick about it, because I ain't the man to stand any nonsense." And, suiting the action to the word, the man threw off his own tattered coat, and pitched his cap on the top of it. Then, seizing Chorley's nice silk hat, he put it on his head, and made signs to Chorley to hurry up.

"How dare you come up here and behave like this!" Chorley protested. "I'll give you into custody."

"Don't talk nonsense, guv'nor," replied the man. "Take that coat off quick, if you don't want me to shove you down the hole here. I ain't got no time to arguify about it."

Trembling with rage, Chorley began to take off his coat. There seemed no other way out of it, and, at least, the movement gave him time to think. The man snatched the coat from his hands, and put it on, and the next moment hurried down the ladder and was gone. Chorley heard him let himself out at the street-door, and then he looked at the woe-begone articles of attire that had been left for him.

He could not very well go through the streets in his shirt-sleeves, and, with a wry face, he put the coat on, and descended the ladder carefully. Once on firm ground, however, he rushed down the stairs and opened the street-door. Almost at the same moment a rough hand grasped him by the collar, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Got yer, this time, my man! You thought you'd dodged me nicely, didn't you? But I was watchin' for you all the time. I knew you'd have to come out presently."

"Wait a minute," gasped Chorley, "you're making a mistake. I—"

"There's no mistake, constable," cried a fat old gentleman in front of a considerable crowd of people. "That's the man right enough. I recognise him by his coat. I wouldn't have lost that watch for fifty pounds. Search him at once."

In spite of his protests, Chorley was dragged off to the police-station, which, fortunately, was only a dozen yards or so away. He succeeded in a very few minutes in convincing the inspector that he had himself been the victim of robbery, and, after everybody had sympathised with him, he was invited to go away.

Chorley went out into the main road in the hope of finding a cab. In the suburbs, however, you can't often get a cab when you want one. After about half-an-hour, Chorley was delighted to see a cab approaching him. He shouted to the driver to stop, but the driver, after a disdainful look at his ragged coat, told him briefly to go and eat coke.

Chorley wished the horrid coat at Hanover, but he could not see his way to dispense with it. His position was aggravated by the fact that he had no hat either, as he had not felt like wearing the dilapidated thing that the thief had left behind him in the attic.

As he stood outside a row of houses, hoping for the chance to see another cab, an old lady came out of a garden gate and brought a couple of crusts of bread in a piece of newspaper.

"Here, my good man," said the sympathetic soul; "take this."

"I don't want your bread," said Chorley, rather abruptly, as the idea of having been taken for a beggar was far from comforting to his feelings.

"Oh," said the old lady, a little disdainfully; "you're that sort, are you? Want tuppence instead, I s'pose, so's you can go and spend it in drink. I've got the right cure for your complaint. Here, Jack, Jack!"

Chorley turned in amazement, and saw that the old lady was calling to a fierce-looking bull-dog. There was no time for explanations, and, as he felt he would rather be discourteous than bitten, he started off at a rapid trot. He shot round the corner blindly without looking where he was going, and the

next moment fell sprawling in the midst of a young ladies' school out for their afternoon promenade. The young ladies screamed, and the schoolmistress, a large, bony creature, commenced to belabour Chorley with her umbrella as he lay on the ground.

Before Chorley could get up to consider the situation the young ladies' school had passed on. Chorley gathered his scattered senses together as well as he could, and drifted dismally along. He was still half a mile from the station, and everybody who passed him looked at the coat on his back, and gave him a wide berth with a disdainful sniff.

Just at that moment Chorley espied a signpost, which pointed out a footpath across the fields leading to the station. Chorley jumped at the idea. In this way he would be able to get to the station without going through the main street. He was just about to climb over the stile, when two ill-bred boys of the aggressive age stopped and looked at him in wonder.

"Hallo!" said one of them; "here's one of those chaps that don't wear hats, so as to make their hair grow."

"You're a bit too late, old man," said the other, addressing Chorley personally. "You'll never grow any more hair now. You'll have to take it out in whiskers instead."

Chorley got over the stile, making every effort to master his wrath; but it got the better of him, and he turned back and said:

"Hold your tongues, you impudent young brats, or I'll come and box your ears!"

"Think so?" replied one of the brats. "P'raps not. You come and try."

Chorley at once recognised the futility of arguing with a couple of irresponsible boys, and pursued his way. The boys, however, had received what practically amounted to a challenge, and they were not disposed to allow the matter to drop so easily. They skipped over the stile into the field, and one of them dug up a tuft of grass with a fairly large clod of earth sticking to it. Chorley's first intimation of the resumption of hostilities was a severe thud on the back of the neck from the clod in question, which had been well aimed. The earth splattered all over him, and, as a good deal of it was only half-dried mud, it did not improve his appearance in any way.

Chorley was after the boys in a flash, but he was hopelessly out-classed by their superior agility. He made a rush at one of them, and the other took advantage of the moment's breathing space thus afforded to gather up another clump of earth and grass, with which he promptly proceeded to the attack with a view to the execution of what military people call a diversion in the rear.

A second time Chorley received the enemy's fire, and then it occurred to him that discretion would be the better part of valour, and he bolted across the field with a wild sob of despair at his defeat, while the victorious boys, giving themselves time for just a little more ammunition, started off in pursuit with an exultant yell of victory.

The footpath opened at the other end into the entrance to the railway station itself, and Chorley dashed up the steps into the booking-office feeling secure for the moment from his relentless pursuers. He had, however, overlooked the fact that the fight had made him still more unrepresentable. His face was now covered with mud, and, as he rushed into the station hatless and breathless, he looked more like an animated scarecrow than a respectable human being. The ticket-collector was just cautioning him to clear off the premises, in order to avoid being given into custody, when somebody slapped him on the back, and said:

"Why, Chorley, old man; what's up?"

It was an old friend, whom Chorley had never expected to meet in that part of the world. In a few minutes the situation was explained. Chorley was taken to his friend's house in a station fly, and given a change and a wash, and, when he got home, he felt none the worse for his afternoon's outing.

"Do all roads lead to Rome, Weary?"

"Well, I never see one that led me to do anything else."

MOTHER: "Oh, dear! How did Johnnie get that awful lump on his head?"

Maid-of-all-Work: "Why, mum, you told me to let him play on the piano, so I put him on, but he fell off!"



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TRANSPLANTED TRIBES.

A COMMENCEMENT has just been made in a most remarkable and long-talked-of enterprise. This is nothing less than the transplanting of the Lapps from Lapland, where they are a dying race, to Labrador, where it is hoped that they will flourish and increase.

Whether these hopes will be justified or not, remains to be seen. Similar experiments in the past have seldom been wholly successful, and some have resulted disastrously.

The Doukhobors, for instance, who, in 1899, were transported, to the number of eight or nine thousand, from their homes in Southern Russia, to the Canadian North-West, were for a time in dire straits. They also behaved erratically, marching naked through the snow, and abandoning their flocks and herds to the wolves. They are now, however, reported to be settling down, and doing better.

On the other hand, the attempt made, some eighty years ago, to transplant the Roskolniks of the Don country to a new home that was supposed to have been found for them in Eastern Turkestan, resulted in one of the most ghastly tragedies recorded in the annals of history. The huge caravan lost its way in the terrible Desert of Gobi, and was never heard of again, the probability being that hunger and thirst, combined with the attacks of nomad robbers, were responsible for the deaths of the entire party.

Equally dreadful was the fate that befell the 10,000 Jutlanders transplanted to the east coast of Greenland by Queen Margaret of Sweden. At first they flourished exceedingly. Villages were founded, churches and schools were built, and a bishop was appointed.

Then, one year, the ice pack broke loose from the remote northern seas, and came to a standstill along the coast opposite the settlements in a belt fifty miles broad.

All communication with the open sea was thus cut off. The settlers were unable to obtain supplies, and in the end they perished down to the very last man.

"HALLO old chap, where are you off to?" said one man to another.

"I'm going over to the post office to make a complaint about the dilatory delivery."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, that cheque you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."

I WONDER.

I wonder why most little boys
Delight from choice to make a noise
With drums and trumpets—just like thunder—
Enough to rent the earth asunder;
And why in muddy pools they go,
And ask us things we never know;
I wonder, yes, I wonder.

I wonder why when I had "digs"
The cat downstairs liked ale and figs.
It's funny; for the cat I own
Eats naught but scraps of meat and bone.
Is this a special breed of cat—
The landlady's—to live like that?
I wonder, yes, I wonder.

I wonder why when morn is nigh
And work awaits, I love to lie
'Twixt cosy blankets, till it's eight,
And reach the office half-hour late;
And why when holidays come round
Out in the air at six I'm found;
I wonder, yes, I wonder.

ELLA: "So Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a woman, has he? Did she lead him to think she loved him?"

Bella: "No, that's just the trouble. She let him believe she didn't care a rap for him, and then, when he proposed, for a lark, she accepted him on the spot."

HATS AT \$2,000 APIECE.

THE cardinal's hat, which a recent death has placed at the disposal of the Pope of Rome, will cost, whoever may be its recipient, certainly not less than £2,000.

This includes a variety of disbursements to all sorts of people, but the whole of them centre round the all-important hat.

Thus custom decrees that the officer of the Papal Guard, who is responsible for its safe custody while it is in process of delivery to the new cardinal, shall be presented with £200 in cash, and a gold ink-pot worth £40.

The actual bearer of the hat receives £400 in money, and a cross and missal of the value of £40. The secretary of the mission which accompanies it gets £60.

The cost of the registration of the patent is £880. And between £200 and £300 has to be distributed in compulsory presents, when, at the Pontifical Court, the recipient balances it on top of his head for the first and only time.

For a cardinal's hat cannot be worn like any ordinary piece of headgear. Indeed, it is not really a hat at all, but a flat, pancake-like square of red cloth, destitute alike of either brim or crown.

The first thing the new cardinal has to do, therefore, after paying out the £2,000, is go out and buy himself a hat which he can put on. Even this one is pretty expensive, for there are only about half-a-dozen shops in Europe which stock them, and the proprietors naturally keep up the price to a remunerative level.

It is, too, exceedingly heavy and uncomfortable, being composed of a kind of thick cardboard material, covered with the fine cloth used for billiard tables, but dyed, of course, a brilliant red, and it is ornamented with gold cord and tassels. It costs about £8, and four or five of them are needed by the cardinal every year.

The £2,000 hat hangs above the altar in the private chapel of His Eminence during his life, and at death is buried with him.

OUR TELEGRAPH BOARD.

THE LATEST METHOD OF INTERVIEWING.

This feature of "P.W." consists in telegrams sent by us to all sorts and conditions of men and women, on any subject that happens to be of interest at the moment. The telegrams reproduced below are their actual replies.

RE SHOPLIFTING, DO YOU THINK THERE ARE MANY CASES OF GENUINE KLEPTOMANIA? IF NOT, WHY NOT? Inspired by recent shoplifting prosecutions, this was our telegram to a number of leading London firms, and here are their replies. "Swadegar," of course, stands for Messrs. Swan & Edgar, and "Burbidge" for Liarrod's Stores.

TO Editor Pearson's Weekly London

I have never seen a genuine case of Kleptomania without exception every case of shoplifting done here during the last eight years has been done by women who have been convicted before and who make a business of it, it is this class of women who do nearly all shoplifting they do it again and again and as a rule only receive very light sentences when caught. Laurie Manager Whiteless

Think genuine cases of kleptomania are few and far between. I have seen many cases of shoplifting but none of kleptomania. It is mostly a temptation sometimes a weakness vanity. Extraordinary causes but kleptomania is mostly a charitable term. farnage

TO Editor Pearson's Weekly London

We do not think defence commonly put forward by shoplifters is Kleptomania. A genuine one is not in our experience do the judges who have decided cases where we have prosecuted swadegars

We do not think such a high class trade that we have very few cases indeed Burbidge

Ninety per cent of shoplifting cases are premeditated and planned. Kleptomania the excruciatingly few women having no settled conviction as to honesty. Liarrod's Stores

Lancashire lads have made a brave show in the great wrestling tournament at the Alhambra Theatre, and to one of the best of them—Joe Carroll—we sent this wire: WHY ARE LANCASHIRE LADS SUCH GOOD WRESTLERS? and received this reply:

TO

Because like myself and Jack Carroll shot, John Baywood, can't have two punch practice with best wrestlers, we make a study of wrestling, live steady life, leading fast time in Lancashire Joe Carroll

Dover is the first town in Kent to bring its Territorial forces up to full strength, and, struck by this fact, we sent the following wire to the Mayor of Dover: CONGRATULATIONS ON TERRITORIAL SUCCESS. CAN YOU TELL US WHY SEAPORT TOWN SHOULD SHOW THE WAY TO THE REST? Here is the explanation:

TO

We sent out recruiting officers. Dover has always been in the front in defence of the country its in the Emden Mayor of Dover

DO YOU THINK CHILDREN ARE HAPPIER THAN THEY WERE IN YOUR YOUNG DAYS? This was our telegram to Mrs. Sarah Wadsworth, of Doughty Street, London, who recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday. Mrs. Wadsworth replied as follows:

TO

They may be more free but we were quite happy. I cannot say more

The Association of Shorthand Writers and Typists lately discussed the question of an office uniform for business girls, and to a number of prominent business men we wired: ARE YOU IN FAVOUR OF OFFICE UNIFORM FOR BUSINESS GIRLS? We received the following replies from the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir Thomas Bowater, Sir Clifton Robinson, and Sir John Bell, late Lord Mayor of London.

TO

Not in favour Lord Mayor

No I think the ladies who go to town for business purposes or engaged in City offices should have the same liberty with regards their dress as the males enjoy at the present time Sir T. Vanthorpe Bowater

Sir Clifton Robinson favours some neat form of uniform for all girls to be worn while engaged in public business. Numerous precedents for this have been established and Sir Clifton believes the interests of all concerned would be best served were the rule made general

TO Editor Pearson's Weekly

I do not consider it necessary for business girls to wear uniforms. Black dresses are much more becoming and suitable. If girls are to wear uniforms why not men if either or both who is to bear the expense Sir John Bell

—WHAT WE DO NOT WANT. The stodgy story that reads like a cold dumpling tastes, and the story that has no beginning, no end, and no middle, and the one that, like the deflated balloon, has "nothing in it."

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

Spiders for the Home.

Dr. Barker, Dean of Carlisle, at a meeting in that city, stated that he had a pet spider, of which he and his wife took great care.

Society's Latest Fad.

The "phosphorescent five o'clock tea" is the latest society fad. To carry out this idea, everything in the room is covered with a phosphorescent mixture, which absorbs the light during the day and becomes luminous when it turns dark.

Using Home-Grown Material.

The War Office has ordered 50,000 osiers to be planted along the banks of the Roman river bordering Fingringhoe marshes in Essex. Hitherto osiers for making fascines have been largely imported from Holland, but these will all be of English growth, and quite a scheme of afforestation will be carried out in a small way.

Rich Fruit.

Three thousand five hundred counterfeit francs were found by French Customs officials recently in a case of oranges consigned from Barcelona to Paris.

Rather Ambiguous.

The following advertisement appeared in the columns of a ladies' paper the other day: "18 Sixpenny Novels, all new and different, will exchange for boy's clothing, or for tall man, or what offers?"

Boycotted as a Witch.

A woman of Tonderu, Schleswig-Holstein, is bringing an action for libel against a number of persons in the town who have proclaimed her to be a witch. She is boycotted by the entire population, and when she appears outdoors no one will walk on the same side of the street.

Too Conscientious.

A bride at Odessa is petitioning for a divorce from her husband, who is a policeman, on the ground that when they were coming out of church he relinquished her arm in order to chase a cyclist who had no number on his machine.

Ducks as Net Profit.

Two Cromer fishermen named Rook, while net-drawing for herrings off Trimmingham, found that nine wild ducks had entangled themselves in the nets. The birds were soon secured. It is supposed that they may have been fishing on the surface of the sea, and thus got caught in the nets.

Husbands Come Home Early.

At Uelzen, in Luneberg, the authorities have passed a bye-law which is more popular with the fair than the sterner sex. Husbands must be home by eleven o'clock. A fine equal to 10s. is the penalty for infringing this regulation, half of which goes to the person—presumably the wife—who brings and proves the accusation.

New Kind of Lamp-post.

An ingenious Manchester inventor has patented a lamp-post which, it is suggested, should be placed near every pillar box in large cities. It is to be fitted with a fire alarm, first-aid telephone, roll up ambulance stretcher, street map, and chemical fire extinguisher, and will cost very little more than the present lamp-post.

No More Blurred Glass.

A resident of Stassfurt has invented a motor-car screen which cannot be clouded by snow. This consists of an endless revolving strip of celluloid which is pressed against a brush.

Postal Pedestrianism.

William George Collins, of Snodland, near Rochester, aged sixty, a one-armed postman, has retired after over forty years' service. During that period he has walked nearly 800,000 miles in the performance of his duties.

Unemployed Heavy-Weights.

The weight of the hundreds of unemployed who lean against the stone balustrade on the Embankment fronting of Somerset House, while waiting for Salvation Army soup tickets, caused more than thirty feet of the coping to break away on a recent occasion.

Pars About Footballers.

A Few Facts About Well-known Players.

F. H. Mugliston (Cambridge U.)

A YEAR ago Mr. F. H. Mugliston, of Rossall and Pembroke, captained the Cambridge team against Oxford; this season, if he plays, as he is expected to, in the annual battle of the Blues, at Queen's Club, on the 20th, he will be under the leadership of his partner at back, V. G. Thew.

Such a state of affairs is unique and almost without parallel in university football circles, and it says much for Mr. Mugliston's love of the game and sporting spirit that he has gone into residence largely on the team's account this winter. In the circumstances it is almost to be hoped that the Light Blues may succeed in reversing last year's adverse result.

Mr. Mugliston is a capital, dashing full-back, and if he lacks the brilliance and sureness of such old blues as L. V. Lodge and C. C. Page, he is an eminently useful defender, whose weight and height always stand him in excellent stead.

He is the son of a well-known Indian Civil Servant, and last summer he played cricket for his university and his county, Lancashire.

W. E. Harrison (Wolverhampton Wanderers.)

January 16th 1909 will ever remain a red-letter day in the life of William E. Harrison, Wolverhampton Wanderers' outside right, for on that day not only did he help his team to effect a draw with Crystal Palace in the first round of the F.A. Cup, but he became the father of triplets.

The news that he had been thus blessed was wired to him during the course of the cup-tie, but the Wanderers' officials, for obvious reasons, refrained from handing him the telegram until after the match. When the fact became generally known, however, he was the recipient of hundreds of congratulations, for he is an exceedingly popular young man.

He is also, needless to say, a capital footballer; indeed, he is generally allowed to be one of the most promising outside rights of his day, and his name has even been mentioned in connection with this season's Internationals.

J. Sharp (Fulham.)

After spending some seasons with Woolwich Arsenal and half a season with Glasgow Rangers, James Sharp has once more returned to Fulham, the club with which he first came under the notice of metropolitan enthusiasts.

Why Sharp left the Scottish club, which gave him £400 for merely signing on, he himself explains thus: "I was anxious for a change of quarters. So I went to Mr. Wilton and the Rangers' directors and asked them to place me on the transfer list. Mr. Wilton was very kind, and said: 'I could see you weren't quite happy with us, James; I am sorry.' In reply to Mr. Wilton I said: 'I'm sorry too, but I think my heart, after all, is across the Border.'"

And so it came about that Fulham secured the man who has certainly no superior at back; the man who has justly been called

"Britain's best back"; the man who is to Scotland what Robert Crompton is to England. He is one of five or six really great footballers of the present day.

Besides his rare prowess at the great winter game, Sharp has played cricket for Forfarshire, and he is the best golfer and one of the best billiard players among professional footballers.

J. A. Appleton (Oxford U.)

A very curious, but, for all that, little noticed point about last season's Oxford and Cambridge match was that each goalkeeper played in spectacles.

Of the two men—A. Whale and J. A. Appleton—the last-named was easily the more successful, seeing that his side triumphed by four goals to one. Whether the old Shrewsbury and Keble player will be again on the winning side on the 20th remains to be seen, of course, but whatever the result may be it is certain that the Cambridge forwards will find the Oxford goalkeeper very hard to beat.

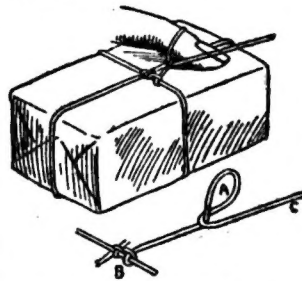
Like many first-class players in this position nowadays Mr. Appleton is by no means a big man, but what he lacks in height he makes up for in quickness. He is particularly smart at getting to ground shots, and few men field the ball more cleanly.

Picture Pars.

We pay half-a-crown for each original picture par. accepted by us. See footnote.

SNAPPING STRING WITH THE FINGER.

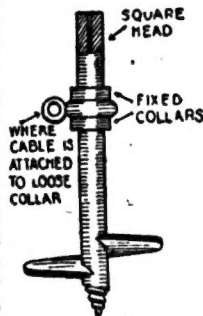
You have probably noticed when buying goods in a shop how deftly the shopman, after tying up your parcel of purchases, twists the string round his finger, and with a little jerk snaps it as neatly as if he had severed it with a knife. Perhaps some of you have tried to imitate him and lacerated your finger without achieving any satisfactory result. By taking particular notice of our accompanying illustration you will see how to avoid giving your finger a painful tweak. After knotting the string B on the parcel, lay your finger on the loose end and twist it round the finger of one hand in the loop-form shown in the small sketch and marked A. Firmly grasping the end C, in the other hand, pull the string quite taut, and then give it a smart



jerk. The string really cuts itself on itself, and not on your finger. All twine will break easily when tension is applied to it at an acute angle, and the whole knack lies in the tautness with which the loop is made, and the smartness with which the jerk is applied. If the string is allowed to fall at all slack it will not break, and your finger will suffer.

ANCHORING BUOYS TO SANDBANKS.

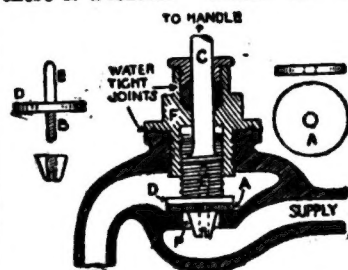
WHEN you have been out boating or fishing those of you who have the good fortune to be able to indulge in those pastimes have no doubt noticed the sandbanks which are made by tides and currents. It is frequently, and indeed generally necessary to fix a buoy at the spot where sandbanks occur. The difficulty is to anchor the buoy in such a way as shall insure that it will not drift away from the place where it has been put. Sand is a shifting material, and affords no reliable "grip" for the flukes of an ordinary anchor. Therefore it has been found advisable to use the form of anchor shown in our illustration. It is constructed, as you see, with a square head, two fixed collars, and a loose collar. From the latter a ring projects, to which one end of a cable is attached, the other end being connected with the buoy. You will notice the peculiar cork-screw-like point shown in the sketch, and the flanges just above it. These flanges take the place of the usual curved anchor-flukes, and are specially adapted for use in sand. This novel anchor is lowered from a boat over the spot selected, and when fairly set upright, a long wrench with a socket to fit the square-head is applied. The anchor may then be "screwed" down into the sand to any depth required.



TO PREVENT TAPS DRIPPING.

THERE are few things in a house which are more irritating than dripping taps. A study of our illustration and of the hints accompanying it will give you some idea of how simply the annoyance can be put right. The water must first be turned off at the main, then take a spanner and remove the top part of the tap F. The

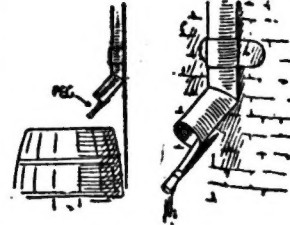
disc, marked D, can then be lifted out. Under this disc there is a leather "washer" A. Were this washer not there the water would force its way between the disc D and the valve-seating. Of course, in time the washer needs replacing with a new one. Therefore you will now remove the nut, take off the old washer, and cut another one, taking



care that it is exactly the same size as your disc. Make a hole in the centre of your new washer, as shown in the section sketch A, just large enough to admit the screw marked B. Then, when you have put on the new washer, and replaced the nut and the other parts in their original positions, the water can again be turned on at the main, and your tap no longer drips!

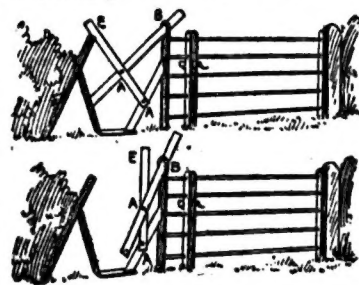
CLOTHES-PEG TO THE RESCUE.

DAMP patches frequently appear on house-walls which are directly behind rain-water butts. This unpleasant and unhealthy disfigurement is due to the fact that the shoe of the rainwater-pipe does not sufficiently project outwards from the wall. Consequently, when the pipe is dripping after rain the water-drops run back on the outside of the pipe, and so find their way down the wall. Our illustration shows a humble clothes-peg stuck into the pipe-end. The peg carries the drip well out over the water-butt, and so preserves the wall from becoming damp.



NOVEL TYPE OF STILE.

THE old-fashioned kind of country stile, famous in song and story, and dear to many a courting couple, appears in quite a new shape (according to a correspondent) at Northill. As you will see by our illustrations the bars of the stile are set vertically, instead of horizontally. A A are bolts, B is a staple, and E is the handle which opens the stile.



Were you suddenly to find yourself confronted by this curious species of barrier-stile during a country ramble, you might be rather puzzled at first how to pass through it; and climbing over it would be a clumsy proceeding in this instance. The method is simplicity itself. All you have to do is to take hold of the handle at E, when it is in the position shown in the first sketch, and raise it. This action enables you to walk through the stile-opening thus made, as you will perceive by scanning the second drawing.

DRAMAS THAT HAVE STIRRED NATIONS.

An *Englishman's Home*, the play which seems destined to "wake up England," in regard to its duty to defend itself from foreign aggression, had its counterpart many years ago in *The Battle of Dorking*.

Published originally in story form, it was soon dramatised, and created a great stir, besides giving an immense impetus to the Volunteer movement of that day and generation.

The only relic which remains of this awakening is to be found on the top of Box Hill, near Dorking. It consists of a fort, still unfinished, which was commenced as a consequence of the play.

Idea Used by Zola.

The points of similarity, too, between the two productions were many. In it, as in *Major Du Maurier's* clever piece, the foreign invaders made quick work of our brave, but inept, citizen soldiers; while non-uniformed combatants were given short shrift, in accordance with the stern, but perfectly legitimate, usages of war.

By the way, this incident of the military execution of a householder for daring to defend his own home was also used by Zola in "*La Débâcle*," another story, which, dramatised, stirred France to its profoundest depths.

Play that Abolished Slavery.

In the United States of America, again, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the play founded on Mrs. Beecher Stowe's famous novel, was directly responsible for the tremendous upheaval of public opinion which brought about the Civil War and the abolition of slavery. Just prior to the outbreak of hostilities it was estimated that over eight hundred separate companies were acting the drama throughout the towns and villages of the northern, non-slaveholding States, a record never even remotely approached, before or since, in matters theatrical.

As a result, the horrors of slavery, as then practised in the South, were brought vividly home to the people of the North, so that, when President Lincoln called for volunteers to suppress them, four hundred thousand men flew to arms.

The Cuss Word that Saved a Mutiny.

By Col. HAMILTON BROWNE (Generally known as "Maori" Browne)

THE scene was Rorke's Drift, on January 23rd, 1879.

We had retreated from Isandlwana that morning, and had reached the store camp.

Everyone was down on his luck, and everything looked very gloomy. For all we knew, the Zulus were already in Natal.

At the time I commanded the Third Natal Native Contingent, and for the last three days we had been overworked, underfed, and had had no sleep or rest at all. The officers were therefore slack and despondent, and the non-coms. hungry, savage, and inclined to be mutinous.

It therefore behoved me to buck them up. They were, on the whole, a wild, lawless crowd; very many of them the drift-weed of the seven seas.

However, I knew them and they knew me, and I wanted to keep them for future service, as I was sure that, tough as they were, it would be hard to collect a more reckless or pluckier lot.

I opened fire on them with: "Now, then, my lads, how many of you are fit for duty? I want you to turn to at once, and help your officers to quiet those howling niggers. Those of you who are fit, fall in."

My servant Quin and all the old soldiers at once fell in, but the others stood muttering and grumbling in their throats.

Then I let them have it hot and strong. I pointed out to them the fact that the Twenty-fourth and the guns were alongside, and it wanted very little of that sort of talk and behaviour to make me go to Colonel Glyn and get him to turn them on to such a set of mutinous scoundrels, and after I had called them by the names they most understood, I turned to the leader of the sea pirates and ginged him out.

This man—Jack Williams was the name he had joined under—was an old shell-back, of the stamp that is now as rare as the

dodo. A man of passed middle life, grey and grizzled, about 5ft. 9in. in height, but of enormous width and strength.

He had been to sea nearly all his life, and for years in the South Seas or trading on the Pacific Slope.

I assured the men there was plenty of good fighting in front of us, and that none of them need repine because we had got one licking, and wound up by telling them that their mixed conduct made me look on them as a lot of bally conundrums, "and, as for you, Jack Williams," turning sharply to the old buccaneer, "you are nothing more or less than an artiodactyle ungulate mammal!"

The old sea-dog broke out into a broad grin; never before in all his wicked life had he ever been called by such a name.

He had served under many a Yankee skipper and many a blue-nose mate, but none of them had ever coined such a cuss word as that. It was medicine to him.

Stepping out from among the men, he made me his very best sea bow, and then turning to them, and slapping one huge fist into the palm of the other huge hand, he harangued them. Quoth he:

"See 'ere, mates, when a hoffer, as we know to be a hoffer, and a hedecated gensemán to boot, speaks you fair like, as man to man, and goes so far as to call you uns a lot of blankety-blank conundrums and me, Jack Williams, a bloomin' arkidaktulungrimammal, I say as how that's the hoffer I stands by and sticks to. Ain't I right, Bill?" This to his chum.

"In course ye are, Jack," came back the ready answer.

"Then fall in astern of the commandant, you bally conundrums!" And the whole of the pirates fell in, ready for anything.

It is written somewhere that a soft word turneth away wrath. In this case a hard word stopped trouble.

* This is simply the zoological name for a pig.

REWARD BY KISSES.

SOME people will be disposed to envy Jack Binns, the heroic wireless operator of the *Republic*, who was forcibly kissed by 400 chorus girls of the New York Hippodrome. Others, perhaps, will pity him. It is merely a matter of temperament.

Lieutenant Hobson, who sunk the *Merrimas* in Santiago Harbour during the Spanish-American war, and was rewarded for his bravery by being kissed upwards of a million times by as many patriotic American women, stated frankly, in reply to a question by an interviewer, that he rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

King Alfonso Liked It.

A late Lord Mayor of London, too, who created a mild sensation a few years back in Paris by publicly kissing a number of laundresses, in accordance with a time-honoured custom prevailing in the French capital, and an ex-chairman of the L. C. C. who followed his lordship's lead, both confessed laughingly that they did it because they liked it.

Needless to say, in this case it was only the younger and prettier of the laundresses who were selected for the Mayoral salute.

King Alfonso also availed himself of the privilege, and said much the same thing afterwards. But that was before he was married.

Kissed Three Thousand Times.

Besides the laundresses, on the occasion of their annual *fete*, the Rose Queens of the various communes are regularly kissed each year by all contributors to their dowries who care to avail themselves of the privilege. One such was said to have been kissed three thousand times.

But this is not a record, for a well-known actress who sold kisses at sixpence apiece at a charity bazaar recently, disposed of nearly double that number.

There is also living at Stepney a young lady, who, in court the other day, confessed to having been kissed 3764 times by her lover—against whom by the way she was seeking damages for breach of promise—and who, when doubts were expressed as to the accuracy of her count, produced her diary, wherein the number were duly recorded.

She won her case.

THE man in the street is beginning to wonder with a sort of resigned despair how much longer the Balkan crisis is going to drag its slow length down the columns of the newspapers. The trouble is that Russia, Italy, Germany, and Austria all want something that happens to belong to somebody else and, like the baby in the soap advertisement, they won't be happy till they get it.

Turkey can Resist Austria.

Austria wants Salonika, which belongs to Turkey. Several hundred miles lie between the Austro-Hungarian frontier and Salonika, but this distance has been considerably reduced by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Austria practically owned these provinces before, but she wanted to make quite sure of her claims before the new régime in Turkey became powerful enough to resist them.

The first step she will now take is to get into direct railway communication with the object of her desire. A railway already runs up from Salonika straight towards the Austro-Bosnian frontier, but it stops about a hundred miles short of it, at Mitrovitz.

Accordingly, Austria has asked the Sultan to allow her to build a railway linking up Mitrovitz with her frontier. The Sultan agreed, but Russia stepped in and demanded that, if Austria was to connect up with Salonika, Russia must be allowed to build a railway running right across Turkey to the Adriatic. The Sultan expected that Russia would object, otherwise he would not have been so ready to grant the concession to Austria.

Something Russia would Like.

Russia, of course, has an eye on Constantinople and the Dardanelles. It has been one of the most bitter results of the Crimean War to Russia that she is not allowed free passage for her warships between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. If once she had control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, no power in Europe could prevent her running her battleships up and down all day long if she wanted to.

Germany, though farther away and without frontiers touching on any of the Balkan States, is also keenly interested in the

What They Want.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY THE BALKAN CRISIS IS NOT YET SETTLED.

present muddle. The Kaiser would give his eyes to be able to appropriate to himself a strip of Austria long enough to let him march down to the Adriatic. His fervent hope is that when the Emperor Francis Joseph dies, the various States that go to make up the

Austrian Empire will start quarrelling and give him the chance he longs for. He would seize Trieste, but more important still he would establish a naval base at Pola, a step that would make Germany absolute mistress of Europe.



Map showing relative positions of places wanted by the Powers.

But there is one other obstacle in his way, besides the fact that Austria is at present the man in possession. Italy also wants Trieste, and all the Adriatic coast as far down as she can get, and as Italy is practically on the spot the chances are that, if any annexation is to be done, Germany will come in second in the race.

The ambitions of Greece are not very important. She wants to annex Crete, and Crete wants to be annexed, but the Great Powers have done their best to discourage the ambitions of both, fearing to rouse Turkey to a dangerous mood.

Germany Wants Watching.

Great Britain, though we are even farther away than Germany, and though all those annexations would cost us not one inch of territory, is more interested in the muddle than any single one of the other Powers.

With the desires of Italy we have no quarrel. Indeed, we are quite prepared to encourage Italy to creep round the northern coasts of the Adriatic. For this would effectually prevent Germany getting hold of Trieste and Pola, and that is the most serious danger.

Great Britain must at all costs prevent any one nation becoming too powerful in the Mediterranean. If Germany managed to get a foothold on the Adriatic coasts she would at once become the dominant Power in the Mediterranean, and the freedom of our trade routes to the East by the Suez Canal would be seriously endangered.

France at Britain's Back.

The same applies to a Russian occupation of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and though we would probably have France at our back to prevent Germany reaching Trieste, Russia might manage to persuade her ally to lie low while the Cossacks rode into Constantinople. Either event would be fatal to our present command of the Mediterranean.

Putting aside the possibility of Austria getting hold of Salonika, the mere construction of the proposed railway would be a serious blow to Great Britain, for German and Austrian trade, helped by special cheap through rates, would kill British trade in the Balkan Peninsula, and in Macedonia in particular.

If how to tell a story or an article should trouble you.
Just put it in an envelope and post it to "P.W."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Marked Motorist



THE great black car swerved and crashed into the smaller, lighter one. There was a shout, followed by something that sounded like an imprecation;

then a sharp report and a grinding, rending sound, and almost simultaneously a heavy thud, not quite smothered by the confused noise of disarranged machinery, spasmodically clicking and rattling. Then a muttering and excited talking, though the voices were low and cautious in their tone.

From the wayside a man picked himself up, looked about him in a dazed sort of way, and shook himself like a great dog after emerging from water. There was a nasty lump upon his temple and he dabbed it with his handkerchief. Then his brain grew clearer, and he fixed his gaze upon a short, thick-set man in oilskins who had descended from the big car.

"That was intentional," he said quietly, as he calmly produced his case and lit a cigarette. The short man raised his eyebrows as if in utter astonishment at the remark.

"Really, my dear sir," he said, "I fear your sense of justice must be temporarily perverted by the shock you have received. Such a mishap is very, very annoying, and no one could possibly regret it more than I do.

"If you consider the matter calmly and dispassionately you will, I venture to suggest, agree with me that your insinuation that the accident was intentional is perfectly unjustified. Possibly my chauffeur"—indicating with a gesture the man who was engaged in examining the rear wheel of the big car—"can explain how it occurred. I regard him as a careful and skilful driver."

At that moment the chauffeur—a thin-faced and furtive-eyed man—came forward and touched his cap and glanced from one to the other. Garth Huntingdon liked his look no more than he did that of his master.

"Well, sir," the man began, "it was like this—I—" Huntingdon stopped him with a gesture.

"I don't wish to hear any explanations," he said. "You ran me down deliberately, and it's only that there doesn't happen to have been any witness that saves you both from some rather serious proceedings. As it is I shall want the value of the damage done to my car—say, £30."

"Really, my dear sir, I am inclined to think—" the short man began.

"What you're inclined to think doesn't interest me in the slightest. I've told you what I think and what I want; if you don't pay the amount I shall immediately take the proceedings at which I hinted, and despite the lack of an independent witness, I shall at least have the opportunity of giving publicity to the views I hold about the accident."

As he spoke, Huntingdon watched the other closely. Just for an instant, fear gleamed in the keen, hard-looking eyes which otherwise were almost expressionless.

"I have nothing to fear from 'publicity,'" was the prompt reply, "although it is a thing I detest. I am perfectly ready to make allowances for your annoyance and the shock you have unfortunately sustained. I am also prepared to pay at once on your own estimate for the damage inflicted on your car—£30, I think, was the sum you mentioned?" He produced a pocket-book, counted out six five-pound notes, and handed them to Huntingdon with a bow.

At the same moment a wave of dizziness swept over Huntingdon; the effects of the blow were beginning to react upon him. There was a buzzing in his ears and everything around him was blurred and indistinct. He swayed, but recovered himself; his hearing and his vision cleared and he realised that the big motor was already swiftly gathering speed and disappearing from the scene.

Instinctively he sought the number, but a great-coat hung over the board, obscuring it, and he could see that it was held, with an affectation of carelessness or ignorance, by the man with whom he had had so curious an interview.

As the occupant of the car had paid for the damage—Huntingdon examined the notes and saw they were genuine—why should he be so anxious to avoid identification? And why had he paid on the spot, practically without demur, the full sum demanded? The answer was obvious: he was very anxious to avoid any sort of publicity or even knowledge of his identity. And as Huntingdon became impressed with this fact, he began to think of other things and a grim look settled in his eyes.

He had perforce to leave the car where it was; he had by no means over-estimated the extent of the damage, and the only thing was to find a conveyance and get to the nearest town. At a farmhouse a mile or so distant from the scene of the mishap, he secured a horse and trap and thus reached Goddington, six miles further on in the direction the black car had taken.

This was not the first narrow escape recently sustained by Garth Huntingdon, and it had caused a theory to take root in his brain—a theory based on a series of incidents which seemed to prove that he was the intended victim of a deliberately organised and persistently executed scheme to end his existence.

He guessed it would be useless to set on foot any inquiries concerning the identity of the big black car; so, after having his wound attended to, and making arrangements for the car to be brought into the town and repaired, he enjoyed a light meal and took train for London.

He wished to see John Brown, a friend of his, and a rising young solicitor, whose keen perceptive and deductive faculties had caused to be said of him that as a detective he would have made fame and fortune.

"Tell me about the other suspicious incidents," said John Brown.

"I will. About a month ago I was alone in the car, driving at a fair rate towards Exeter, where I was going to spend a week-end with Challis. Being tired of the main road—I've been over it many times—I travelled by some of the by-ways; I like to cover new ground whenever it's convenient.

"About ten miles this side of my destination, a hooter sounded, and a big black car with two occupants passed at a furious pace. It was dusk and there were no lamps, and I couldn't distinguish the number, which was blurred and unreadable. Two miles further on the road, as I passed through a thick copse and at a bend, I dashed over a heavy bough which lay in the middle. Luckily the car merely leapt a few feet and kept its balance at the cost of a couple of ruined tyres and a bit of a shaking for myself. At the time I thought the mishap was merely due to the chance falling of a bough from an over-hanging tree.

"A week later, one evening, when touring amongst the Surrey Hills, a glimmer of moonlight caused me to detect, just in time to duck and avoid it, a piece of wire stretched from hedge to hedge across an unfrequented road. I stopped and turned back to examine it. It looked very suspicious; but somehow I did not connect it with the fallen branch in the copse.

"The next queer thing occurred ten days ago. After a couple of hours stay for rest and refreshment at an hotel at Leverill, in Bedfordshire, I set out for Buntington, some twenty miles distant, where I intended to put up for the night.

"About three miles outside Leverill there is a steep and winding hill three-quarters of a mile or so in length, with two sharp bends towards the lower end. The first half is a long, straight decline. I had been over it once before and knew care was needed.

"As you know, I'm not exactly a nervous driver and don't like a snail's pace; I didn't think of slackening speed till just near the curve. Then it was that I found the brakes, emergency and all, would not act. I kept my head, and luckily there was a clear road.

"The only thing to do was to take the curves at full speed and trust to my nerve. I did it, and when at last I pulled up I found the brakes had been tampered with. It must have been done whilst I was chatting with some strangers in the hotel smoking-room.

"Lastly, to-day, in broad daylight, I was deliberately run down, and to tell you the truth, it's getting on my nerves. Someone means to do for me, though with what object I really can't see. As far as I know I haven't an enemy in the world."

"You are absolutely sure of that?" asked Brown, meditatively.

"Well," replied Huntingdon, "it's pretty clear I have an enemy, but I'm absolutely certain I can't suggest who he is, or what his grievance is."

"There's no relative—even a distant cousin, say—who fancies himself wronged by your recent inheritance?"

"I have no relative in the world, to my knowledge—distant or otherwise. My family, as far as I can trace it back, has always been, both on my mother's and father's side, a very small one, and a sort of fatality seems to have hung over it; when my grandfather died in America, leaving me his fortune, I became the sole survivor."

"It seems tolerably clear," said Brown, "that your money is at the bottom of it. Someone is after it, and to get it you must be—well, removed. Whoever it is is pretty careful to do it in a manner to excite the least suspicion. It is well known that your hobby is motoring and that you are a daring driver. What could be more natural than an accident?"

"Other things are also obvious; whoever is the prime mover in the affair is not alone in it, and has ample sinews of war in a pecuniary sense. He is in no urgent hurry—a month has elapsed since the first suspicious incident. And he keeps himself exceedingly well informed in regard to your movements. The problem is: how could any person secure your fortune through your death?"

"You have willed it all to charities in case you die unmarried; you have few, if any, intimate friends besides myself, and you certainly cannot suspect any of them of any deep-laid plot against you. It's a puzzle, my boy, and a rare one, too. You'd better leave me to have a good long think about it, and in the meanwhile vanish. Do you hear? vanish! Let me, and me alone, know your address."

"Above all things, don't go motoring anywhere, at least not in your own car or in this country, and assume another name for a while. Clear out—anywhere but in the British Isles—on the Continent would do. I fancy I shall soon get on the track."

"What do you mean?" Huntingdon asked in dubious surprise. He had no fancy for what looked like running away from danger.

"This," replied Brown. "This person who desires your death—it's useless to mince matters—has a very good knowledge of your affairs, and he certainly is aware of the fact that I am your friend and legal adviser. When you vanish—and you must vanish thoroughly, mind you—he'll want to get on your trail, and, failing to discover your whereabouts by other means, will sooner or later come to me, and on some pretext or other endeavour to get his information that way."

"Until the arrival of this gentleman, whoever he may be, I shall have a smart man always ready at hand who

A Splendid Story of a No'er-do-well's Scheme.

By

H. T. WEBSTER WORRALL

will follow him and find out who he is and all about him. Perhaps he'll try and tackle me in a private way—get introduced into the club or something of that sort; but I shall be prepared for him.

"Go—the earlier the better—and don't forget to hide your tracks. I shall have news for you before very long, of that I am positive. Above everything, don't let a soul know your destination."

And reluctantly Huntingdon consented.

For a couple of weeks Huntingdon, using an assumed name and a hired motor-car, toured the environs of Paris, making a quiet hotel at Auteuil his headquarters. Then a letter came from Brown—a letter which bore out the deductions of that astute gentleman.

Someone had called—ostensibly to seek advice on some trivial legal question—someone who was cleverly disguised, and who had cunningly contrived to put a query concerning Huntingdon's whereabouts. Brown, not caring to arouse suspicions by a blunt refusal to afford any information, had affected ignorance, and the visitor had departed, striving to conceal his chagrin, but obviously much annoyed at his failure.

He had been followed by Brown's alert employé, and the latter had traced him to an unostentatious boarding-house in Bloomsbury. He had kept observation and had seen the same man appear in a totally different guise. The curious and significant fact was that save for a false moustache—Brown's man had remarkably keen eyes—he bore an extraordinary resemblance to Huntingdon himself.

"I have a theory," the young solicitor concluded, "which I fancy is very near the truth. I want you to cross as soon as possible and come straight to me. Keep your eyes open all the time in case of accidents."

Huntingdon was sorely puzzled as to the nature of his friend's theory and lost no time in following out his instructions. He took the morning train for Boulogne, crossed to Folkestone, arrived at London late in the afternoon and made his way direct to Brown's office. The solicitor greeted him with an approving grin.

"The beggars have had the cheek to keep my office under observation," Brown observed. "I fancy they've suspected your little Continental trip, but didn't care to tackle the 'needle-in-a-haystack' business, and have been more or less patiently awaiting your advent here. We'll trap 'em my boy—we'll trap 'em red-handed." And he unfolded his plan, to which Huntingdon agreed with no small satisfaction.

"What I can't make out," said Brown, meditatively, "is how they propose to deal with me after they've effected their designs on you. It isn't as if I didn't know you pretty intimately and could be easily duped on that score! I guess I'd better keep my ears and eyes pretty wide open on my own account!"

"I've thought of that, too," observed Huntingdon. "I hope I shan't be the innocent cause of your coming to any harm."

"Never fear," said the solicitor grimly. "I can take care of myself. What do you say to giving them the chance of killing two birds with one stone?"

"You mean for you to accompany me on my tour in Shropshire?"

"Exactly!"

"That's agreed, then."

The next issue of the MOTOR TOURISTS' WEEKLY contained a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Garth Huntingdon, the well-known motorist, would start on the following Monday for Shropshire, where he intended making an exhaustive tour of the Welsh border, a full descriptive and illustrated report of which would subsequently appear in that journal.

It was further announced that he would be accompanied by Mr. John Brown, the well-known solicitor of St. Jude's Inn, and that he intended driving direct to Beddledford, a village near Wellington, and make the Crown Inn his starting-place proper.

Save the conspirators themselves, there was probably no reader of the paper who detected any significance in the fact that a couple of miles north of Beddledford there was one of the nastiest hills in the county; a hill that was broad and straight near the summit, and which narrowed lower down where there was a sharp curve—a hill that to a daring driver unacquainted with its peculiarities was a veritable death-trap.

The Crown Inn at Beddledford was an old-fashioned hostelry with one room specially modernised for the use of tourists. It was the Monday evening following the publication of the paragraph in the MOTOR TOURISTS' WEEKLY, and Huntingdon and Brown were there as well as some ordinary-looking strangers.

The conversation had been general, motors, cycles, and touring matters being the chief topic. Huntingdon had already mentioned his penchant for night travel and had announced his intention of starting with his friend at nine o'clock for his projected tour of the Welsh Border.

One of the strangers, a tall, broad-shouldered bearded man of about Huntingdon's own build, laughingly protested his horror of "groping work" as he called it, and casually mentioning that he and his companion were only going as far as Wollingbridge, ten miles distant, took his departure. The pair had ordinary cycles.

Brown and Huntingdon exchanged glances. It was just eight o'clock and, outside, darkness was swiftly settling over the countryside. The moon would not rise for two hours or more yet. They waited a little while and then went out, Huntingdon having remarked that they were going for a short stroll round the village before setting out.

Once outside the inn they hastened along the Wollingbridge Road and soon reached the summit of the before-mentioned hill, the vicinity of which they had already carefully explored. It ran between a series of fields on the one side and a copse on the other, the wood being particularly dense near the curve.

Leaving the roadway, they moved with ever-increasing

(Continued at foot of page 681.)

Good stories, full of incident and interest, any length not exceeding 4,000 words, and bright articles on subjects of the moment, are what we want. "P.W." invites readers to send plenty.



RECORDED in RHYME

SHOT, OF COURSE.

[A remarkable specimen of the common bittern now considered extinct in England and very rare as a winter visitant, has been shot near Bude, North Cornwall.]

It was a Cornwall sportsman—across the fields he saw
A bird that's now considered rare—it visits us no more.
He raised his gun to shoot it—it tumbled with a "whiz."

Before he thought it was extinct—he's now quite sure it is.



IN THE GLOAMING.

[Under powers granted by the Board of Agriculture, the Middlesex County Council has issued an order that all dogs in the county not under control between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise shall be seized. This practically means that no dog will be allowed out alone after dark.]

Our "Jimmy" is a bull dog pup of very fine dimensions. Who's saved a lot of aged folks from claiming old age pensions.



He loves to roam, whilst I at home sit puzzling over rhythm.
In future when he takes a stroll his master must go with him!
For yesterday he got away—how our policeman swore,

He tried to seize the dog behind, but it seized him before.

JURORS AND THEIR JOYS.

[A juror in the King's Bench Division asked to be excused from serving on the plea that he had illness in the house. Inquiry elicited the fact that the invalid requiring his aid was a sick hen.]

Ere a man be called to serve upon a jury,
It should first be ascertained beyond a doubt
If he's illness in his house,
For perhaps his pet white mouse
Want's watching—she's half dotty with the gout.

P'raps his parrot's got the Russian influenza,
Or his kitten's in a cataleptic faint;
His curs have got the colic,
Or his monkey's melancholic,
Which his cook declares is "catching"—but it ain't.



When he's wanted home to "massage the canary,
Or to place a mustard plaster on the cat,
It puts him in a fury
To be placed upon a jury;
He should really be exempt—remember that.

HUMAN POST.

[Messenger boys will convey country visitors from the railway stations to the houses of their relatives in the suburbs. They will take parties of children to pantomime matinees and call at the theatre for them when the performance is over. Deaf, blind, and lame people can be conducted in safety across London.—Daily Paper]

Say, Cupid, with the eyes so blue,
Do you guard me, or I guard you?

We pay five shillings for each accepted contribution to this feature. Address your envelope to the Topical Editor "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Forgive my "cheek," but you're so small,
You don't look capable at all
Of guiding great big girls
Of nine

From Peckham to the pantomime,
Whilst as for taking deaf Aunt Jane
From Kensington to Chancery Lane;
Or steering gouty Uncle Frank
By Tube from Hampstead to the Bank,
Such enterprises would be quite

Impossible for such a mite.
Yet, I don't know—you look so brisk
I think they'd almost take the risk.



TRADE SURPRISES.

[The fact has just come to light, says the Star, that a well-known milliner's business in Liverpool is carried on by a clergyman.]

That men aren't always what they seem
I found out long ago.



And now I've heard my milliner's
Is run by Parson Roe.

My doctor is a grocer, too;
My lawyer has some shops
Where children's toys can be obtained,
From dolls to spinning tops.

My husband's on the Stock Exchange

(I've thought so, anyhow)
But probably I'll learn one day
He's potman at the "Plough."

THE MARKED MOTORIST (continued from page 680.)

caution amongst the trees and undergrowth. They had nearly reached that part of the copse which adjoined the bend, when Brown gripped his friend's arm and drew him behind a thick clump of undergrowth. A couple of dozen yards or so ahead a big, burly figure could be seen within a few yards of the thoroughfare slowly moving beside a shorter, leaner one; each was carrying something.

The two friends held their breath; as the others went forward, they followed with the utmost caution, each with a revolver ready in his hand. Everything depended upon avoiding the arousing of any suspicion on the part of their quarry.

At last, just beyond the bend, the latter paused. Brown and Huntingdon slipped quietly to the ground behind some undergrowth, through an aperture in which they secured a view, vague and dim though it was, of the two mysterious strangers.

At that point the hedge was broken and irregular; the burly man could be seen passing through one of the breaks, and after a cautious glance up and down the hill, cross to the other side, where the darkness swallowed him up. A few minutes later he returned, stooping whilst crossing the road, and evidently arranging something on its surface.

The other meanwhile appeared to be fixing something to the trunk of a tree a few yards distant from the hedge. Then, after a careful examination of their handiwork, they took up a position some distance from the roadway and conversed in whispers.

Much as Brown and Huntingdon would have liked to see precisely what it was that had been placed in the roadway, they had to refrain, for the present, from satisfying their curiosity, since it was not possible to do so without being detected by the strangers. So after a brief whispered consultation they crept near the pair and suddenly appeared within a few paces of them with revolvers ready.

"Hands up!" There was only a second's hesitation; the two weapons, faintly gleaming in the dim starlight, were too near, and the faces of the men who held them too business-like and determined for doubt. Up went the hands of the plotters, an imprecation escaping each.

"We shan't hesitate to fire if there's any attempt at escape," observed Brown grimly. "Right turn, quick march forward—on to the road. That's it!"

"You'll regret this—" the big man began to bluster.

"Silence!" Brown snapped. "It's more likely you and your friend will regret it than we! Pretty plot, wasn't it? Perhaps you'll be so good as to remove those tubes filled with explosives and fixed with wire connections that you've placed in the roadway for our special benefit, and put them behind the hedge where they'll be safe until the police take charge of them. Pity for anyone else to get hurt, eh?"

At the word "police" the burly man paled; a look of sickly apprehension crept over his features. The other looked furtively about him; the hands of each trembled as with suspicious care they disconnected the wires and

removed the long tubes from the roadway and laid them behind the hedge.

On the way back to the village there was a desperate attempt at escape, despite their captors' warnings. One darted to the left, the other to the right, but true to their word the friends fired, and a bullet in the leg of each was the immediate penalty the miscreants had to pay. Any further attempt was impossible, and Brown and Huntingdon hastened to the village for the constable and a doctor, whom they conveyed to the spot in their car. Bedfordford had never known such a sensation.

It was not until later, when the two defeated plotters had recovered from their injuries and were placed on trial for attempted murder, that the whole story came out, what they failed to confess being ferreted out by the police.

The big, burly man, who gave the name of William Knoleton, bore an extraordinary resemblance to Garth Huntingdon. He had known the latter's grandfather in America and had seen a photograph of Garth. He was a ne'er-do-well with plausible manners, and had contrived to ingratiate himself into some degree of intimate acquaintanceship with old Mr. Huntingdon.

He had found out much of his business and family history, and at his death had conceived the idea of impersonating the grandson, whose removal was necessary for his project. Knoleton made exhaustive inquiries and found that John Brown appeared to be the only substantial impediment to the success of his dastardly plot, Garth having no relatives and few, if any, intimate friends beside the solicitor.

Accomplices were necessary, not only for actual assistance in the carrying out of the scheme, but in the event of any question of identity arising. The idea was that Huntingdon should be killed in a motor smash, which would be unlikely to arouse suspicion, and that after the body had been hidden, Knoleton should immediately take his place, with bogus injuries to his face, so that any slight difference in feature and speech might pass unnoticed.

But the plot failed, and two at least of the scoundrels got their deserts in heavy sentences. The others were never traced.

The ties of friendship between Garth Huntingdon and John Brown are as close as ever, and the former's passion for motoring has not paled. But there are certain spots in England which he never visits; he feels, somehow, that in their vicinity, his nerve would not be quite as stable as it is wont.

"I THINK it very impolite for a gentleman to throw a kiss to a lady," said a girl to her friend.

"So do I," was the response; "he should deliver it in person."

PEDLAR: "I've got some signs that I'm selling to shopkeepers like wildfire. Hero's one, 'If you don't see what you want, ask for it.'"

Country Shopkeeper: "Give me one readin', 'If you don't see what you want, ask for something else.'"

WHEN CONSCRIPTION WILL COME.

MR. HALDANE gave utterance the other day to a startling forecast of what would probably happen if an enemy ever succeeded in getting a foothold in England.

A short and sharp Act of Parliament would be passed, he opined, which would have the effect of forcing the "slacker" to take up arms in defence of his country. But he would not then be regarded as a hero, nor would he be permitted the privilege of fighting in the front ranks against the invaders. On the contrary, he would probably be relegated to some very inconvenient and unpleasant part of the country, where he would be out of sight without being out of danger.

The picture is an unpleasant one, yet it almost certainly represents precisely what would happen in the event of an invasion, or even a raid, and the latter is by no means improbable, nor the former impossible. The Channel, considered as a barrier, was a hundred times more formidable a hundred years ago than it is to-day, when fleets of swift steamers are available to cross it in an hour, or even less.

Conscription has always followed invasion, just as it has usually also accompanied civil war, when these calamities have overtaken countries wherein it was not already the rule.

A striking case in point was afforded by the war which broke out in 1861 between the Northern and Southern States of America. The nation possessed at the time only a very small standing army, and the soldier's profession was looked down upon by the mass of the people, much as it used to be in England, and, indeed, still is in certain quarters and by certain individuals.

At first the volunteers, plus the regulars, were relied upon to do the fighting, but conscription was soon seen to be a necessity. And conscription it was. Men who had never fired a rifle in their lives were torn from their homes and marched to the front. This caused fierce resentment, and even sanguinary rioting in New York and elsewhere, during which many lives were lost. But the thing had to be, and it went on, just as it would do here did a similar situation arise.

HE DIDN'T GO.

"GOING to the lodge, Arthur?" exclaimed the young wife, in surprise. "I didn't know you were a member of any lodge?"

"Why—aw—yes, Georgiana," said the young husband. "I belong to the Order of Elks."

"And would you rather spend the evening with a lot of Elks than with your own little dear?" And Arthur meekly hung his hat up again.

People often do not send their stories and articles to editors because they have an idea that they are not read. Everything received by "P.W." is always carefully considered. All we want is the BEST we can get.

Street Quacks Flourish



Some
Startling
Revelations
by One Who
Has Had
Several Years'
Experience
as a Quack's
Assistant.

As one who, for six years and more, has acted as assistant to a well-known street quack, and with him travelled the country through, my astonishment has been great at the gullibility of the British public, and I have been not a little surprised to find so few rogues ready to take advantage of this credulity.

The early history of the "Doctor" (as my employer was familiarly and invariably styled by people who fancied themselves ill and wanted advice) I give as nearly as possible in the "Doctor's" own language:

"Five years ago I was a factory hand in receipt of the princely salary of 25s. per week—that is to say, when trade was brisk; at other times I had perforce to live—or, rather, exist—on a sum which varied between 15s. and 22s.

"Falling out of employment in the fall of 1902, owing to a general depression in trade, I had my first experience of the blessings of unemployment. It was while listening to the various quacks who frequent a certain market-place in the South of London, and noting the prosperous look on them all, that my future course of action was determined upon. I resolved to become a quack doctor!

Celebrated Dentine Toothpowder.

"I already had the gift of the gab, but I wanted money, and that badly. For it was poverty which drove me to the detestable practice of swindling the public, and the fear of poverty is my excuse for remaining at it.

"I was almost on the point of giving up in despair, when my eyes lighted on a number of cakes of common whiting I had some time previously procured for the purpose of whitewashing an outhouse. A veritable godsend, thought I.

"Rushing off to a wholesale box-maker, I bought, for 8d., a gross of small chip-willow boxes, such as are used by chemists for ointment, and in almost as quick time as it takes to write it, I had those cakes of whiting pounded to a fine powder, with which I filled the boxes, and—hey, presto!—without any expenditure worth speaking of, I had my 'Celebrated Dentine Toothpowder, warranted to make the blackest teeth a beautiful pearly white with three applications.'

"I meditated that, if my 'preparation' did no good, it could certainly do no harm—and I was in need of money.

Humbugging the Crowd.

"Evening came. I sallied forth with my portmanteau and stand, and arrived at about a quarter to eight o'clock in Deptford Broadway, where I soon succeeded in collecting a large audience, among which the genus *mug* was greatly in evidence.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' I began, 'if I can command your attention for the small space of fifteen minutes, I will show you how it's done.'

"Here I performed the familiar, but always successful, crowd-drawing 'fake' of tying a pocket-handkerchief over a boy's eyes, during which time a large crowd, with mouths agape, had collected, wondering what was going to happen next.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' I continued, 'having succeeded in drawing your kind attention, I will now proceed to business. In this little box, which I hold in my hand, I have something of priceless value to every working man, woman, and child in this company. Bear in mind, I have not come out here to tell you a lot of fairy-tales. You have to work hard for your living—your bank is your health. If your health is gone, so is your living.'

Fresh Pitch Every Evening.

"'Ladies and gentlemen, what is it that is at the bottom of three parts of the diseases from which most people of to-day suffer? Indigestion. And what is indigestion? Simply inability to properly masticate your food, through neglecting to attend to your teeth.'

"'Ladies and gentlemen, see to your teeth! I care not if your teeth are as brown as a berry, or as black as coal, three applications of my Celebrated Dentine Preparation, I guarantee, shall make them as beautiful a pearly-white as my own' (I had not long had them scaled). 'If you suffer from tooth-ache, rub a small portion of my preparation on to the gums, and—hey, presto, as if by magic—the pain will disappear. Only twopence a box. Who says one? Thank you!'

"The first box disposed of, customers were afterwards numerous, and I returned home that night richer by 8s. 2d., the result of about an hour and a half's talking.

"Each evening I made a fresh 'pitch,' for I felt that, if I visited Deptford again, my patrons might want to argue the point. I soon found that there was money in the game, and that 'mugs' existed without end. I determined to do the thing in style. For a few weeks, however, I kept at my 'tooth-powder' in order to secure sufficient of the needful to make a proper start.

"Having acquired sufficient capital, I started in earnest. From a fashionable tailor in Petticoat Lane I bought a stylish frock-coat for 7s. 6d., and a beautiful glossy silk hat for another 1s. 6d. I next had a clean shave, allowed my hair to grow long (as the 'profession' demands), and altogether presented an imposing appearance. My next move was to hire a waggonette by the week, decide on three saleable 'remedies,' and then—draw in the 'oof.' To-day I own my own carriage, clothe in 'purple and fine linen,' and 'fare sumptuously every day.'

Such was the "Doctor's" story, as it was related to me from his own lips. When I first came in contact with him, some five years or so back, I was out of employment, and gladly accepted a job the "Doctor" offered me at a salary of 5s. per evening, or 30s. per week, to assist in mixing the "medicines," and help in handing out his "remedies" to the public. The "Doctor" was then working single-handed. Since then I have assisted him in exploiting the public all over the country.

One Day's Condiments, One-and-Four.

It may interest the readers of this journal to know the nature of the three great "remedies" we were booming. Our first, and most important one, was a "cure" for indigestion, rheumatism, and a multitude of other ailments. If we were a bit short of money (and the "Doctor" spent as fast as he took it), sixteenpence would procure us material to make sufficient "medicine" to last a day. This is how we did it:

2lb. Epsom Salts	2d.
2lb. carbonate of soda	3d.
1lb. gentian powder	5d.
Half gross ounce chip-willow boxes	5d.
Paper for wrapping	1d.
	1s. 4d.

The powders, when mixed, would fill sixty ounce boxes, which we then sold at 6d. per box, or, the "full treatment" (to quote the jargon of the "profession") of three for a shilling. A great many preferred the shillingsworth, thinking that by this means they were getting greater value for their money. The result would be that for our expenditure of 1s. 4d. we got a return of between £1 and 30s.

Cures Effected by Sniffs.

Our next "remedy" was a toothache cure. From a wholesale dealer we got for 2s. 6d. a gross of small glass tubes, and a gross of corks for 3d. We then fill these tubes to within an inch of the top with sawdust. As, however, the British public objects to paying for sawdust (if they know it), we colour it, and make it unrecognisable with permanganate of potash, then add a few drops of strong "880 ammonia," and cork it tight. These we sell at 3d. per bottle.

The "cure" is effected by taking a good sniff; this causes shock, and, as often is the case, cures toothache on the spot.

Our third speciality we grandiloquently termed our Celebrated Bronchial Tablets, for the cure of asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and everything else. These tablets were simply ordinary cough-drops, which we purchased at a wholesale confectioner's at the rate of 7lb. for 2s. 2d., or about 3½d. a pound. These we retailed at 3d. per ounce box, which, after allowing for cost of boxes, left us with the handsome profit of 18s. on an expenditure of 2s. 2d.

That the publication of these revelations will in any way affect ourselves or our brother quacks, I do not for one moment fear. Rather the contrary. Experience has shown that advertising quacks, whose impostures have been exposed time and time again, not only do not suffer as a result of the exposures, but that they actually flourish and grow fat! Sensible people, like the readers of this paper, will, of course, abstain from patronising street "doctors." The others will go on in the same old way, and be bled to all eternity. And their number is legion.

A Reliable Home Newspaper.

The DAILY EXPRESS, on account of the exceptional attention paid to feminine matters, may well be termed the Ideal Home Paper.

Its news is topical, reliable, and interesting. Any newsagent will supply it for One Halfpenny per day, or the subscription, 6d. 6d. for three months, including postage, may be sent direct to the Publisher.

Daily Express

23 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

HOME TRUTHS.

ON MAKING UP.

By Our Specialist in Domestic Bliss.

A BEAUTIFUL poem has been written, called, "The Quarrel." The first line is, "I am not 'appy as I used to be." It is the husband's lament. The joy has gone from his life. The saddest thing that can happen to a man has befallen him. He has quarrelled with his wife.

Hear his sad moan:

"For wot I done, I know that it was naught,
For wot I said, I know I did not speak,
And, as for thought, I never 'ad a thought,
Yet 'ath she been cantankerous a week."

It is the old, old story, beautifully enshrined in the poet's words. When there is a quarrel between two, one is always a martyr. He, if a he, didn't do it in the first place; in the second place, he said no such thing; in the third, such an idea never entered his head. Yet he is unjustly taxed with the cruel allegation, and she, if a she, has been able to tell the truth to make up an uncommonly good case.

Quarrels Rise Suddenly.

Really, the whole quarrel is her fault. She has manufactured the trouble from her inner consciousness. She has misunderstood, distorted, exaggerated, got hold of the wrong end of the stick most completely. And this, if you please, is something to be angry about. But she has not a shadow of a cause to be cross.

In the poem, the husband goes on to compare the rise of the quarrel to the sudden storm-cloud in April that comes up over a perfectly sunny sky to drown the land. This is very apt. Nothing in the world is more extraordinary than the way a quarrel rises when least expected.

It may come on anywhere.

In the poem, the husband goes on to lament that he cannot please by any art at all, and that, finally, there enters into his breast a ray of hope that, what came so suddenly, shall go suddenly.

Meantime, he is prepared to admit to himself:

"This thing 'ath lasted long enough for me."

What shall he do to be saved?

Various courses might be recommended.

Husbands Should Make Peace-Offerings.

Let the husband fall on his knees, and beg to be forgiven for that which he has not done.

This failing, let him prostrate himself with his forehead on the floor, and kiss his wife's feet, regardless of kicks in the mouth.

Let the husband, in the most judicious way in the world, make a peace-offering to the wife.

If the money is thrown back at his head, at once let him quietly leave the room. Within five minutes the wife will have overcome her wrath, and pocketed the money.

Let the husband plead guilty for what he has not done, promising never to do it again.

This not working, he should call himself a brute and a heartless wretch, and declare he is not worthy of so sweet a wife, and cover his face with his hands, and sob in penitence.

Let the husband take the utmost advantage of the first moment when his wife's tears are imminent.

Should he not succeed in saving a tear from falling, yet the first tear is a certain sign that any reasonable offer of peace will be accepted within two minutes.

There are many things which a husband should not do while the storm rages.

Think of a Magic Word.

He must not catch his wife's hands, or attempt to kiss her face.

He must not answer back, or argue. Every fresh argument is fresh fuel to the fire.

He must not stalk away, and slam the door.

He must not raise his voice above the gentlest tone; at the same time, he must be careful not to whine.

He must not allow it to be thought that he thinks himself in the right.

He must not threaten penalties.

He must not say, "Yah! Yah! Yah!" or refer to his liege lady as a virago, or a shrew.

And whatever effect passion may have on his lady's appearance, he must not make any remark about this, except to say that she never looks so pretty as when cross.

But perhaps the best plan of all for people who are likely to quarrel with one another is that they think of a magic word.

"Kismet," for example—which, rapidly pronounced, rather suggests, "Kiss me."

The word thought of, a solemn agreement must be ratified that when either speaks the word after the dawn of a quarrel, the other shall at once make peace.

The agreement must then be kept. And quarrelling on this system becomes rather good fun.

(Next week: "Words that were Better Unspoken.")



Punishing Erring Parsons

Telling How the Law Works in the Ecclesiastical Courts.

VERY few people know anything of the workings of the law in the Ecclesiastical Courts. Those now in operation are: The Court of the Archdeacon, the Court of the Bishop, commonly called the "Consistory Court," the Provincial Court of the Archbishop, and the Court of Appeal sitting in the Privy Council.

The first-named court is held in each Archdeaconry before a judge appointed by the Archdeacon himself, and this judge is termed his "Official."

The court has jurisdiction over all ecclesiastical cases arising within the limits of the archdeaconry, and, if the litigants are not satisfied with the justice there meted out, they are at liberty to appeal to the Bishop.

Bishops' Courts Held in Cathedrals.

The Archdeacon's court is a very ancient institution, having existed from before the time of the Norman Conquest.

The "Consistory" or Bishops' Court, is held in various cathedrals in the country, for the trial of ecclesiastical matters arising within the diocese, and it is to this court that all cases dealing with the shortcomings of clergymen in their professional conduct are specially assigned.

The headquarters of the Consistory Court in London are at Dean's Court, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the Chancellor is Mr. T. H. Tristram, K.C., D.C.L.

If the party wishes to appeal from this court, he does so either to the provincial court of the Archbishop or to the Privy Council in Whitehall.

The provincial court of the Archbishop is termed the "Chancery Court of York," if in that province, and if in Canterbury, the "Court of Arches."

The judge in the former is designated the "principal official" or "auditor."

The judge of the latter is called the "Dean of the

Arches." He is called so, because at one time he held his court in the Church of St. Mary-le-bow, the steeple of which is on pillars arranged like arches.

The Dean of the "Court of Arches" is Sir L. T. Dibdin, K.C., who presides at the registry in the Sanctuary, Westminster.

Lastly, there is the supreme court of appeal, the "Committee of the Privy Council," where the Archbishops and Bishops frequently attend as "assessors" on hearings of appeals.

The methods of procedure in some of these courts is very different from those of the High Court in the Strand.

The first document issued is termed the "citation," which calls the party injuring before the court. Then there are certain articles drawn up in a formal "allegation," which sets forth the ground of complaint of the injured party.

To this the defending clergyman must answer on oath, and, assuming that he denies the charge, the complainant proceeds to "proofs."

Filing a Deed of Relinquishment.

If the defendant has circumstances to offer in defence, he propounds them in a document called his "defensive allegation," and to this the complainant replies on oath in a paper termed the "plaintiff's answers," and then the defendant likewise proceeds to "proofs," as well as his opponent.

The court can summon witnesses, and examine them, and when all the "pleadings" and "proofs" are concluded, they are referred to the judge for his consideration, who hears advocates on both sides, and then forms his "interlocutory decree," or "definitive sentence," at his own discretion.

The court has power to sentence a clergyman to "suspension" from, or to "deprivation" of, his living.

It sometimes happens that a clergyman thinks it desirable to relinquish his position, as such, and this is done by what is called a "deed of relinquishment," which the clergyman signs, and files at the High Court of Chancery. He then delivers a copy of the enrolment to the Bishop of the diocese, and gives notice of having done so to the Archbishop of the province within which he is located.

When this deed is recorded in the registry of the diocese, the said clergyman is incapable of acting in any manner as a minister of the Church of England.

DISASTERS THAT POPULARISE PRINCES.

KING VICTOR OF ITALY and his consort, Queen Elena, have earned golden opinions for themselves in connection with the recent earthquake.

They laboured with their own hands at the work of rescue, it will be remembered, and succeeded in succouring many victims.

Nor is this the first time that they have acted in a similar manner under like circumstances. In September, 1905, when this selfsame province of Calabria also suffered severely from earthquake shock, their Majesties hastened thither from their castle of Racconigi, and gave what aid they could.

The result is that, from having been at the beginning of their reign decidedly unpopular, at all events, amongst the masses, they are now regarded as national heroes by all classes of society, and are everywhere belauded as such.

Similarly, the aged Emperor of Austria did much to renovate a reputation that had suffered somewhat in the estimation of his Hungarian subjects, by labouring for three days and nights amongst the ruins of earthquake-stricken Trieste, in April, 1895.

A more recent, and even more striking case in point, is afforded by the life-saving exploits of Prince Henry of Holland in connection with the wreck of the *Berlin* early in 1907. Prior to that distressing fatality, the Prince, although he was the husband of their Queen, was cordially detested by the Dutch people.

He was said to have ill-treated his young wife, to be a rake, a poltroon, and many other undesirable things.

But when he so nobly risked his own life in order to save those of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer, there ensued a tremendous revulsion of feeling in his favour, and the popularity he then earned he has never since forfeited.

MOTHER: "Did you enjoy your chocolates, Dickie?"
Dickie: "Yes, ma; there were seven other boys lookin' through the window at me."

"I DROPPED my watch in the river, and didn't recover it for three days. It kept right on running, though."

"A watch won't run for three days."
"Of course not; I was speaking of the river."



A judge has confessed that he has never seen the telephone. Really, our judges ought to be taken round by a competent guide and shown a few things. Here are some suggestions.

—WHAT WE DON'T WANT. The long, rambling treatise which deals with "Should our pet parrot wear socks in winter?" or "If ink were white could we do without blotting?"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A Charming Story of a Wilful Girl.

By RANDOLPH LICHFIELD.



A Shocking Affair

SHE was really a dreadful girl, a thorn in her mother's sensitive side, and quite compromising to her sisters. Of course, it has always been difficult in such cases to frame any convincing indictment; Miranda Cardrose's faults were vague and intangible, but this made her the more difficult to control.

She offered no excuse to her mother for having declined the offer of marriage made by Sir William Cant, a most eligible young man, with a wealth of money and red hair.

"I was thinking of Babs and Katie, mammy darling," she said reproachfully. "I thought it would be most dog-in-the-mangerish to accept him when they were simply dying to."

"I don't know where it will end," sighed Mrs. Cardrose, for want of something more pointed to say. She was amazed that Cant had proposed to her youngest child, as she had practically set Katie aside for him; but that Miranda should have refused him was more amazing still, and most distressing. Marriage was, perhaps, the only thing that would reform Miranda, who was not likely to receive many such proposals, for men of their set did not like—well, peculiar girls.

It seemed horribly probable that Miranda would finally have to fall back on a second or even third rate husband, even if her peculiarities did not carry her to the verge of gracelessness, such as eloping with some utterly impossible person.

To Mrs. Cardrose this latter contingency seemed a very real thing, and it disturbed her sleep many a night, for Miranda evinced a most reprehensible *penchant* for making promiscuous acquaintances.

She was not a bit like Katie and Babs in any particular. They seemed to know instinctively how to treat the lower orders; they knew to a nicety, indeed, how to treat a rector as distinct from a vicar, or a bishop as distinct from a suffragan bishop, or a volunteer officer from an officer in the regular army.

But Miranda, on the other hand, was totally lacking a proper appreciation of such subtle distinctions; the only difference she seemed to recognise was that between people she liked and those she did not like, and she had the most outrageous prejudices.

She had been known to nod over her shoulder at the Dowager Duchess of London while continuing an animated conversation about bull-pups with Colonel Hepplewell's second-groom. Awfully distressing to a fond mother who could trace her ancestry back to Robert Bruce!

There was, indeed, even now a chance that if Miranda played her cards well she might make a match with Roper Beneden, second son of the Beneden, who expected to benefit considerably by the death of his uncle, General "Tiger" Beneden, though, of course, if it came to anything, it would be a love-match really, and most romantic, because it was impossible to rely on the General, who altered his will every time he had the gout.

It really seemed as if she could not appreciate the gravity of being a Cardrose. On one occasion, indeed, she had so overwalked herself that she could not get home, and had actually invited the son of a neighbouring farmer, who chanced to pass her on the road, to "give her a lift," as she inelegantly expressed it, and she volunteered to say she enjoyed the ride immensely. All this, too, when an eminent specialist had warned Mrs. Cardrose that her heart was weak!

Naturally the consequences of that ride were that when the young man met Miranda at the hunt (it is shocking the people you meet in the "field" nowadays) he presumed to salute her, and she not only bowed, but smiled and spoke to him; and subsequently two or three persons noticed that when the hounds were "at fault" the young man took the extreme liberty of entering into conversation with her.

It was this matter which induced Mrs. Cardrose to bring some pressure to bear to persuade Miranda to make the most of her chances with Roper Beneden, and she was not at first discouraged because her daughter laughed at the suggestion, for Miranda laughed at most serious things.

"My dearest mammy," said the girl at length, "I'd marry him to-morrow, even if he hadn't a sixpence—if I loved him," she added after a pause. "But I could no more love Roper than I would marry him. One of these days, perhaps, I shall marry a man, but he won't be—"

"The Benedens are a very old family, and—"

"I don't intend marrying any snuffy old families, but one man, and I mean him to be the right man. I am sorry for Roper's defect, but I shouldn't marry him if he were a Demosthenes. As I told Lady Shoretown when she rubbed it into me that I ought to get married, I'd rather marry a labouring man than a young god who was too lazy to roll his own cigarettes."

"My child!" protested Mrs. Cardrose, painfully shocked.

"And that's what it'll be, I expect," said Miranda mercilessly, laughing softly. "There's Tom, now."

"Tom?" exclaimed her mother. "Who's Tom?"

"Tom White."

"The under-gardener? Miranda!"

"What's the matter? He's honest, which Captain Wheaton wasn't, or he wouldn't have got into that card-scandal. He's hard-working, which George—"

"Miranda, cease your flippancy, please!" said Mrs. Cardrose, rising with great dignity. "That a child of mine could joke about such a thing is horrible to me."

"But I'm not joking—quite; I admire Tom immensely, and I'd sooner marry him than Roper—oh, a thousand times!"

"On seventeen shillings a week?" sneered her mother. "On fourpence a quarter. Perhaps you'd let me have your washing to do?"

"I'd see you *starve* first, Miranda!" said Mrs. Cardrose, a cruel look in her steel-grey eyes.

"That's motherly!" Miranda rapped out, but, despite her cheerful smile and air, it was evident that the words had hurt. "Well, I shan't marry him, mother—not because I'm afraid to starve or to offend those who would let me starve, but simply because I shan't."

As Mrs. Cardrose turned away, Miranda slipped out through the long window into the garden, followed by the bandy-legged bulldog, Peloponnesus.

When Mrs. Cardrose turned round and saw she was alone, she moved across the room and rang the bell. Half an hour later Tom White had been paid his wages and dismissed.

Hearing of this in the course of the afternoon, Miranda turned to her mother and protested against the injustice of it, declared it was ridiculous, farcical, tactless, and a score of other things, which were all more or less correct. But Mrs. Cardrose was adamant.

Impulsively Miranda had a horse put into a trap, and drove over to the cottage of White's mother.

Tom was in the potato-patch, hoeing doggedly. He looked up at her as he heard her pull up, and he scowled, for was she not a daughter of the woman who had dismissed him at a moment's notice without a cause?

"You needn't frown at me, Tom," she exclaimed instantly, "though it is my fault. Come here!"

"Your fault?" he cried, advancing to the gate in the hedge. "I'd like to know, miss, what I've ever done—"

"You've done nothing, Tom, that I know of," she said sharply. "It's all a mistake really, I think, but since it's done it's done, and that's the end of it. But look here; I've got a five-pound note for you to keep you going till you find another place. But I shan't give it to you now, because I'm going over to Lady Shoretown's to see if she will take you on. If she will, you'll be all right. If she won't, you shall have the five pounds. Good-bye!"

Not only did her ladyship engage Tom, but she also wrote to Mrs. Cardrose the following day to recommend a respectable, hard-working young man from a neighbouring parish, who was seeking employment, to fill Tom's vacant place, and Mrs. Cardrose consented to give the young man a trial.

For some weeks Miranda had a comparatively free time, and, oddly enough, she devoted a portion of it to the new under-gardener, John Mason.

Now, that this may not seem so extraordinary or reprehensible, let it be explained. Miranda had liked Tom White, for he was a civil, industrious, sober young giant; Mrs. Cardrose would have liked him just as much if she had noticed him, but she always saw inferiors through a thick mist, which obscured their attributes.

Miranda was rather annoyed that Tom should have been dismissed in consequence of her teasing her mother. Therefore she was interested, if only in a prejudicial sort of way, in the new gardener, because he had obtained the situation Tom White had lost. That was not unnatural.

Nor was it unnatural that her interest in Mason was excited by discovering him in the act of planting artichokes where she knew he ought to have been planting arum lilies.

When she pointed out his mistake, he straightened his broad back and regarded her wonderingly. She saw that he was good to look upon. She felt sorry for him, guessing that such ignorance as his would surely be detected and lose him his situation.

"I'm afraid you've not had much experience," she said, smiling.

"No, miss; I'm afraid I haven't," he admitted shamefacedly.

"What have you done?"

"Well, miss, I was in the Army till recently," he said, with hesitation.

"And you don't learn to distinguish between artichokes and lilies in the Army, of course?"

"No, miss. I'm sorry about it. I asked the head-gardener to put me on to rough work till I knew the shape of things, but—"

"You're not work-shy, then?"

"Oh, no, miss; and I'm most anxious to keep my place," he answered earnestly.

"Well, if I can help you, I will. Come, and I'll show you where the bulbs are."

From that moment she took him under her wing, so to speak, and in a dozen ways she was able to save him from discovery and dismissal by the head-gardener.

But, of course, such a condition of things could not continue for long without Mrs. Cardrose hearing something of it; indeed, it was strange that she was not made aware of Miranda's frequent visits to that part of the gardens where Mason was employed for nearly a fortnight. Then her anger, if not her horror, was discounted by recollecting the affair of Tom White.

In view of that matter, she was afraid to interfere, and doubtful whether it were necessary she should. After all, Miranda's interest in White had been harmless, if vulgar and incomprehensible, and it was quite likely that Miranda's interest in Mason was only feigned to demonstrate her democratic determination to amuse herself with plebeian persons. So Mrs. Cardrose affected to know nothing of Miranda's familiarity with Mason, though she grieved about it. It was so painful to think that the descendant of Scotch kings could attach any interest to common people.

It was Katie who threw the bomb into Mrs. Cardrose's lap.

"Mother!" she panted, sweeping into the drawing-room, her handsome dark face drawn by a look of unspeakable horror.

"Oh, Katie!" cried Mrs. Cardrose pathetically. "What has she done now?"

Katie sank weakly into a chair before she could command her voice sufficiently to speak audibly and without screaming.

"I saw her in the vinery just now—kissing Mason."

"Wh-ah!" cried the mother, aghast and haggard.

"He had his arm round her waist, and she was in the very act of kissing him."

"Impossible! Miranda, a child of mine, kissing a— What did you do? Didn't you faint?"

"No, but I nearly screamed, mother."

Mrs. Cardrose struggled to her feet, tottered out of the room into the garden, and swayed across the lawn in the direction of the vinehouse.

As she approached the gap in the high holly hedge which separated the kitchen gardens from the flower gardens she came face to face with Miranda, whose hair was rumpled, whose cheeks were flaming, whose eyes were marvellously bright.

Without a word, Mrs. Cardrose swept past her and hurried to the vinehouse, at the door of which Mason was standing, evidently watching after Miranda. He half turned as he perceived his mistress, and glanced about for something with which he might pretend to be occupied.

"Mason!" panted Mrs. Cardrose as she drew near.

"Madam?" said he thickly.

"You are dismissed!"

"Yes, m'm. Thank you, m'm," he muttered, touching his cap respectfully.

"You will leave at once!" she snapped, flushing angrily.

"Get your coat on, and go!"

"Yes, m'm."

"See Mr. Hilton, and tell him you're dismissed without a character, with wages in lieu of notice."

"Thank you, m'm."

She turned round to leave, then swung back, bubbling with indignation.

"I am amazed!" she stammered. "I am shocked—horrified!"

"Yes, m'm," he said quietly, pulling on his jacket.

"I shall write to Lady Shoretown," Mrs. Cardrose ejaculated finally, as she swept away.

"Where is Miranda?" she demanded as she rejoined Katie in the drawing-room.

"I think I saw her enter by the library window," replied Katie, still suffering from her shock.

But Miranda was elusive. The house was searched for her, and she could not be found. Finally it was assumed from the absence of one of her hats and that of Peloponnesus that she had gone for a walk—to hide her shame, as Katie suggested.

All the rest of the afternoon Mrs. Cardrose simmered impatiently, and all the evening, too, for Miranda's return to the house was not discovered till ten o'clock, when she had to betray it in order to ring for something to eat.

Like a storm-cloud Mrs. Cardrose swept to Miranda's room and demanded admission, which Miranda refused on the ground that she felt too tired to be flayed alive that night.

Foiled, Mrs. Cardrose retired, and gave orders that no refreshment whatever was to be served to Miss Miranda in her room.

Early the following morning Mrs. Cardrose, who had scarcely dropped off to sleep after a night of the most agonising suffering from a sense of shame and nausea, was aroused by her maid, who announced that Miss Miranda had left the house about six o'clock, leaving a letter on her dressing-table.

She snatched the letter from the maid's hand and tore it open.

"Dearest Mammy"—it ran—"You know I can't stand ructions, so Jack and I have decided to elope. Don't be horrid, dearest. I am going to marry him to-morrow, and be the happiest girl in the world. He is the only man I could ever care for. I will let you have my address the moment I can, so you can write and tell me you forgive me. I shall want that, though I don't expect ever to be asked home. I am so sorry to worry you like this, but you never could understand, could you, dear?—Lovingly,

MIRANDA."

"Louise," cried Mrs. Cardrose, "tell everybody—if a letter comes for me in Miss Miranda's writing it is to be destroyed instantly—immediately, do you hear? I have no such daughter. Give me my salts!"

But she subsequently changed her instructions, probably suspecting that the servants would open and read Miranda's letter before destroying it. So she decided to destroy it herself, and when two days later it was brought to her she felt constrained to read it before destroying it.

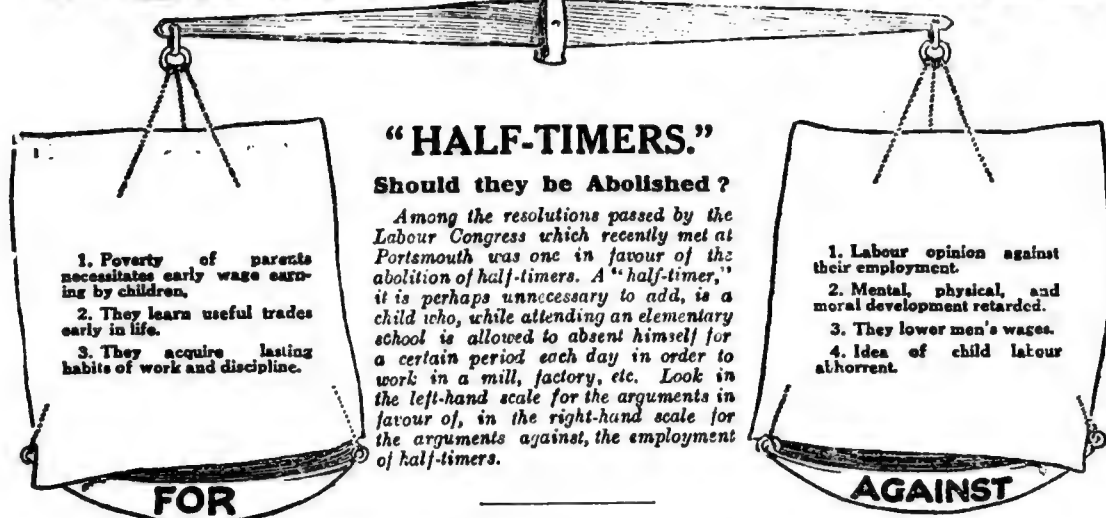
"Dearest Mammy"—it began—"It's all right; don't worry any more. It's all so funny and romantic and delightful, though I should love him quite as exquisitely if he wasn't. But it's all Lady Shoretown's doing. I told her about the silly affair of Tom White, and she was so nice and sweet. Without telling me anything about it—she's so full of mischief, you know—she planned a plan to suit everybody, and recommended Jack to you, as he had fallen in love with me at her party the week before. And I hadn't even noticed him! He is her nephew, you know, dearest mammy, and only resigned his commission in the Hussars a month ago, because he came into his uncle, Lord Mentonbank's, property, and the authorities considered he was too rich to remain in the Service. You know their views. Of course, I didn't know about it till an hour ago, and I don't know how to hold my pen, I am so excited, amazed, amused, and all of it. Do wire me at Lady Shoretown's that we're forgiven. I'm anxious, and we shall be down there to-morrow to thank her."

"Dearest mammy, be nice!—Your most wildly happy,

MIRANDA."

Mrs. Cardrose drove to Lady Shoretown's within an hour, wearing her most indulgent smile.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE



"HALF-TIMERS."

Should they be Abolished?

Among the resolutions passed by the Labour Congress which recently met at Portsmouth was one in favour of the abolition of half-timers. A "half-timer," it is perhaps unnecessary to add, is a child who, while attending an elementary school is allowed to absent himself for a certain period each day in order to work in a mill, factory, etc. Look in the left-hand scale for the arguments in favour of, in the right-hand scale for the arguments against, the employment of half-timers.

1. Poverty of parents necessitates early wage earning by children.
2. They learn useful trades early in life.
3. They acquire lasting habits of work and discipline.

FOR

1. Labour opinion against their employment.
2. Mental, physical, and moral development retarded.
3. They lower men's wages.
4. Idea of child labour abhorrent.

AGAINST

COMMENTS ON ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST.

ONE feels at the outset that it is almost hopeless to expect a fair hearing for the case in favour of half-timers—the idea of child labour is innately abhorrent.

One asks the reader, however, to dismiss sentimental considerations from his mind, and to follow one in an attempt to treat the question as it should be treated—that is, from the point of view of what is best for the child.

It is claimed, in the first place, that half-time labour is often a matter of family necessity. The children's home, their food, their clothes, their all depend to an essential extent on their ability to bring some grist to the family mill.

Abolish half-timers and, it is contended, you will break up thousands of moderately decent and comfortable homes, and leave the children stranded—that is, unless the half-timers continue to work secretly.

Hardships not Permitted.

That is an important point. Half-time labour is, as a rule, supervised labour, conducted under conditions which should preclude hardship or suffering to the child.

Abolish it, and, it is said, either homes will go, or children will work unsupervised, very possibly under conditions of absolute slavery.

The next point is that half-timers learn useful trades, and, on the whole, this cannot be gainsaid. Still, a lot of half-time labour is of a purely mechanical kind, and does not teach the child anything useful.

The benefit of half-time labour to the child certainly does depend on the nature of his work, but in a great many cases he does learn the rudiments of a useful trade, which will enable him to support himself in after-life.

What is the sense in keeping a child at school until he is sixteen, as the Labourites propose, and filling his head with book-learning? When he leaves school, he must either start learning a trade, with little prospect of earning decent wages for several years, or join the already overcrowded ranks of clerical labour.

Forms Good Habits Which Last.

It is claimed that half-time labour puts the working-class child in a fair way to becoming a good and permanent wage-earner at an early age.

The third and last point on this side is that the half-timer early acquires habits of work and discipline. This, again, seems to be incontrovertible, more especially where the child is employed in some big factory where punctuality, obedience, and thoroughness are insisted upon.

The child early learns that work, good work, is a necessity if he is to live, and, after a few years, he has acquired, and will never lose, the habit of industry. At least, so it is claimed by those who defend the half-time system.

Now, we turn to the other side of the question, the first point on which is that Labour men are themselves against half-timers, as shown by the resolution passed at the Portsmouth Congress.

This is a strong, indeed, an almost overwhelming, argument.

As has been pointed out, the half-time question affects not only the children, but their parents. Abolish half-timers and many working-class families will find their joint income materially reduced.

It would be absurd to suppose that Labour men are not alive to this fact, also to the other points in favour of the half-time system; nevertheless, in face of these considerations, they approve as a body of the abolition of half-timers. Their views must

carry enormous weight, and it is fairly to be presumed that they know their own business best.

At the same time, it may be pointed out, although one does not wish to tread on Labour corns, that Labour has sometimes shown itself blind to its own interests, notably in the matter of injudicious strikes.

Education is still something of a new toy to the working-classes. It is possible that they set too much store by it, and, in giving their children the shadow of book-learning, thoughtlessly deprive them of the substance of practical knowledge. However, the views of the Labour men are entitled to the utmost respect.

The next point is that the mental, physical, and moral development of half-timers is retarded.

It is obvious that their schooling suffers; but, on the other hand, intelligence may be awakened and developed by other means than lesson-books. Further, I think I am right in saying that, in connection with most big works, there are night schools and other facilities for the intelligent half-timer who wishes to improve himself mentally to do so.

There is, perhaps, more to be said against the employment of half-timers from the physical point of view.

Physique Doesn't Always Suffer.

Their opportunities for recreation are necessarily scanty, and they may often have to work under more or less unhealthy conditions. On the other hand, their work may be perfectly healthy.

Without arguing from the particular to the general, it may be pointed out that Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., who was a half-timer in a cotton mill, is a man of exceptionally fine physique, while the majority of the Labour M.P.'s, most of whom worked as half-timers—some of the older ones as full-timers—his children, are rather above than under the average physical standard.

The moral, like the physical, aspect of the case, naturally depends greatly on circumstances. It may, however, perhaps be said that the moral atmosphere of a big mill or factory is not the best in the world for a child.

The next point is that half-time labour lowers men's wages. This, like women's labour, is a difficult question, on which even experts would differ. There seems to be a good deal to be said for the contention that children are forced to do men's work, or something precious near it, and thus men are kept out of employment, and the standard of wages reduced.

Who is to do Their Work?

On the other hand, it is said that there is plenty of work that children can do, which it would be absurd to pay a man man's wages to do.

One might, indeed have included among the arguments in favour of half-timers this: If you abolish half-timers, who is going to do their work? To pay men men's wages to do it would be, it is said, to throw a heavy, perhaps intolerable, burden on employers. The point is worth consideration.

Finally, I asked the reader at the beginning to dismiss sentimental considerations from his mind, but, of course, it is impossible wholly to do so. The idea of child-labour is, naturally, repellent. Theoretically, one would like to see it abolished altogether.

But the crux of the matter is this: There are huge numbers of working-class children, the majority of whom must look to manual labour as their means of adult subsistence.

Is the half-time system to their benefit or not? That is the point on which the reader is now invited to form his own conclusion.

NO MORE ANXIOUS DAYS.

No more gaining weight and losing health and strength in vain attempts to cure Obesity.

Gone are the days when the weighing machine told its daily tale of increasing weight; when, perhaps, after resorting to some "remedy" still more drastic than those previously tried, the visit to the scale has proved that the grip of the disease of Obesity is as tenacious as ever! Antipon has wrought the miracle; the superfluous fat is gone, and with it the disease itself—namely, the dreadful tendency to ever-increasing overweight without apparent cause. Starvation or dietetics have proved useless; drugs and gymnastics have been of no avail, save, perhaps, in effecting a mere temporary reduction of weight while the system retained strength enough to stand the dangerous strain.

After a course of the now famous Antipon treatment, during which the scale has shown its gratifying daily record of reduction, without obliging the fortunate subject to forego the rational pleasures of the table or to take drugs or go in for fatiguing exercises, there is no further cause for anxiety; the excess of flesh has gone for good; the slender, shapely figure now recovered will be a lasting possession; the doses of Antipon may cease forthwith, and, as for the weighing machine, pass it by without a look—you may cut that old acquaintance as an unwelcome reminder of days of suffering and humiliation that will not return.

One of the most valuable properties of Antipon is its grand tonic effect upon the digestive system. You have perhaps for months been afraid to eat; your appetite is poor through weakness, and indigestion causes trouble. Antipon soon sets all this right; a healthy appetite returns, and as the tendency to grow fat is wholly eradicated, the subject may eat to full satisfaction. Perfect nutrition is the one help on which Antipon relies; for this reason health, strength, and vitality are daily on the increase, while the unhealthy fat is daily on the decrease. It is a positive rebuilding of the system, a return to the grace, energy, and vivacity of youth.



"No more need for Antipon!"

There is a reduction of from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and a night of the first dose. This is followed by an equally satisfactory diminution as the days go on.

1. 1st. lighter in eight weeks. "I continued taking Antipon for about eight weeks; I am 1st. lighter.—Miss W. D." (Eccles.)

2. Result of two bottles of Antipon. "Two bottles of Antipon have brought me down to normal size. I was getting stouter every day, and did not know what to do. I was over 9st., and now am 8st., and able to get about without fatigue.—Miss E. G." (Eton.)

3. Result of one bottle of Antipon. "I have taken one small bottle of Antipon. I was 11st. 10lb., and am now 11b. short of 11st.—Miss L. D." (Lee Cross, near Shrewsbury.)

4. A 2st. reduction. "I feel much better since I have taken Antipon. I have lost quite 2st.—Miss E. P." (Virginia Water.)

5. 18lb. reduction in two weeks. "I am writing to say I have great satisfaction through taking Antipon. I have managed to lose nearly 18lb. in a fortnight by following your directions.—L. E. B." (Beaulieu, N.B.)

6. After four small bottles. "I have now taken four 2s. 6d. bottles, and feel I cannot speak too highly of Antipon. When I received the first bottle I weighed 12st. 9lb., and now weigh 10st. 10lb. I feel a different person. I have told all my friends how I got thin.—Miss J. S." (Brentford.)

These extracts from unsolicited communications are typical of hundreds of others received by the Antipon Company.

Antipon is a pleasant and entirely harmless liquid, sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Somebody said once that everybody could write at least one good story. If you have written yours send it in. If you have two send them both.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

POOR GRANDAD.

MR. REYNOLDS is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman, but to his little grand-daughter Mabel he seems very old, indeed. She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for a long time one day, when she asked suddenly:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, my dear!" gasped her astonished grand-parent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment.

"Then, grandpa," she asked, "why weren't you drowned?"

But poor grandpa was too taken aback to answer.

FARMER JONES (to amateur sportsman): "There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots he'd sink to the bottom, like a brick!"

"THIN?" repeated the man who was talking about a mutual acquaintance; "well, he's so thin that, when he eats macaroni, he can only swallow it one piece at a time!"

HE WAS NOT IMPRESSED.

HE had been elected member of Parliament for his native county, and had come up to the Metropolis to take his seat in the House.

He was a modest, retiring individual, and felt quite overawed as he stood diffidently in the Lobby.

"Well," said one of the legislators to him, "and what are your impressions of the House?"

"To tell you the truth," replied the new member, in some confusion, "I wonder how I got here."

A week afterwards he made a speech which astonished them, and the same member button-holed him again after the debate.

"What are your impressions of the House now?" was the question. "Getting to know us, eh?"

"Yes," he quietly replied, "and now I wonder how you all got here!"

"Did you ever have the feeling that people didn't understand you?"

"I often have it; I use the telephone a great deal."

TEACHER (angrily): "Why don't you answer the question, Bobby?"

His brother Tommy (answering for him): "Please, sir, he's got a peppermint in his speech."

QUITE VOLUNTARY.

"DID I understand you to say that this lad voluntarily confessed to playing truant?" asked a school attendance officer, addressing the mother of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded.

"I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" inquired the officer.

"Well, first I gave him a good hiding," said the parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper and took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, and that I should punish him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour he told me the whole story of his own accord."

HEWITT: "I have been pinched for money lately." Jewitt: "Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any."

"DEAR TEACHER," wrote little Johnny's mother,—"Kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same, you will greatly oblige his mother."

READY FOR ANYTHING.

A HAWKER one day entered a business man's office and coughed slightly to attract attention. The merchant turned abruptly to the man. "Well," he asked, "what can I do for you?"

"I am travelling," the pedlar began, "with a patent electric hair-brush—"

"What do I want with a hair-brush?" growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your wife, perhaps—"

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you may have at home a little child—"

"We have. It's one week old, and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the pedlar. "But," he persisted, "perhaps you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man, "a hairless Chinese dog."

The pedlar dived into another pocket.

"In that case, allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in hair-restorers."

NEVER AGAIN.

THE oddest, the most momentous associations often-times attach themselves to the most trifling things. Thus, at a dinner, the hostess said to a sour-faced man on her left:

"May I help you to some of the boiled rice, Mr. Smith?"

"Rice? No, thank you; no rice for me," Smith answered, vehemently. "It is associated with the worst mistake of my life."

JACK: "Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side."

WAGGE: "Is it possible? No wonder he died."

SHE: "He has a most extraordinary figure, hasn't he?"

HE: "That's so. I believe an umbrella is about the only thing he can buy ready-made."

MONSIEUR LE COALMAN.

A LANCASHIRE town boasts the possession of a coal vender who knows some French. He is not very sure of it, but his pride in it is prodigious. Little Gallio phrases keep slipping into his casual speech, and they light it with a quaint charm. As, for instance, when he was asked his prices for coal by a lady customer.

"Well, madam," he replied, "if you take it 'à la carte,' it's twenty shillings the ton; but if you take it 'cul-de-sac,' it's a shilling extra for the bags."

THE NEW COOK.



Small Lady (looking rather nervously at her new cook): "Did you have any words with your late mistress as you were leaving your last place?"
The Cook (encouragingly): "Not in the least, mum. I locked her in the bath-room, and took all my things and slipped out as quiet as you please!"

THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED.

A COMMERCIAL traveller was bragging about the magnitude of the firm he represented.

"I suppose your house is a pretty big establishment?" said the customer.

"Big? You can't have any idea of its dimensions. Last week we took an inventory of the employees, and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four bookkeepers were missing. That will give you some idea of the magnitude of our business."

TOMMY looked for a long time at his father's moustache, in a contemplative way, then broke out with, "When I grow up, shall I have feathers like father, mummy?"

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no ending."

"Excuse me, sir; I choose to keep it as emblematic of my love for you—it has no beginning."

HER COLOUR SCHEME.

A RATHER smart young woman was being examined as to her fitness for a position as telegraph operator.

An official asked her the colour of a piece of ribbon.

"That is cerise," said the aspirant. "I have a hat of that shade, trimmed with crushed violet."

"What's this?"

"Oh, that is tapestry blue."

The official now assumed a worried look, but made one more effort.

"What would you call this?" he asked.

"Nile green."

"And all these years the department has thought they were simply red, blue, and green!" he sighed.

SOUND REASONING.

AN old sea captain was visiting a certain exhibition, and was greatly interested in the mechanical section, where a fine array of steam whistles was on show.

"How far can that one be heard?" he asked, pointing to a huge "buzzer."

The young man in attendance was only a deputy, but he promptly replied, "Sixteen miles."

"Sixteen miles?" said the old salt incredulously.

"When I say sixteen miles," elaborated the youth, "I mean eight miles this way and eight miles that way."

"Why, Tommy, how you do grow!"

"Yes, auntie, I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night and morning."

"DOLAN, what does them letters MDCCCXC VII mean?"

"That means 1897, Mike."

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't you think they're overdoin' this spellin' reform a bit?"

ONLY WANTED A BITE.

A COUNTRY visitor to the metropolis was wandering along Oxford Street agape at the many wondrous things that met his view.

Passing a large confectionery establishment, he paused to look at the good things temptingly displayed in the window, a huge bride-cake particularly striking his fancy. Unable to resist the temptation, he entered the shop and inquired the price.

"Ten pounds," replied the shopman, eyeing curiously the very unlikely purchaser, who looked not a bit like a prospective bridegroom.

"Ten pounds," echoed the countryman in astonishment. "Well, give me a ha'porth!"

"JENKINS declares that where he was in Switzerland the mercury often dropped to zero at night."

"That's nothing."

"What's nothing?"

"Zero."

As a truly polite nation the French undoubtedly lead the world. The other day a famous Paris dentist's servant opened the door to a woebegone patient.

"And who, m'sien," he queried, with tender regard, "shall I have the misery of announcing?"

MIXED OWNERSHIP.

A COUNTRYMAN having been summoned to appear before the magistrate for not having a sign on his cart, was in due course brought before them. The magistrate asked him if he had anything to say for himself, and he replied that he had a difficult question to ask which he could not solve himself.

"The question is this," he said. "The wheels of the cart belonged to John, the miller, and the body of the cart belongs to the vicar, and the bag of old bones (meaning the horse) belongs to me. Now, gentlemen, if you can tell me what name I can put on it now, I will have it done immediately."

He was let off.

CHOLLY: "I'm nobody's fool."

She: "No? And I understand you have money. Why don't you advertise?"

HOSTESS: "It's beginning to rain; you'll get wet; I think you'd better stay to dinner."

Departing Guest: "Oh, dear, no. It's not raining so badly as all that!"

THEY'RE NOT ENGAGED NOW.

"To-morrow," sighed the simple maiden, "is my birthday."

It was a hint that young Smith knew would be expensive to understand. But the simple maiden was heiress to £20,000, was decidedly comely, and they were engaged. So he decided to plunge.

"Anyone could guess your age, so simple are your ways," he said, "and I'll show you how I'll guess it. To-morrow you will receive a bunch of crimson roses, and in that bunch there will be one rose, my pet, for every year that you have lived."

That night Smith wrote a note to his florist, ordering the immediate delivery of eighteen roses to his lady fair.

The florist read the order and said to his wife:

"Here's young Smith wants us to send a bouquet of one and a half-dozen crimson roses to Park-lane, W. He's been a good customer lately—throw in an extra dozen for luck."

Smith's presents were returned within the hour, and to this day he can't imagine why the engagement was broken off.

THE PRIEST.

A bold, vigorous story, like none that has ever appeared in this paper.

HOW LAST WEEK'S CHAPTERS CLOSED.

Lord Greatborough tells Jim the secret of his life, and decides to act as he suggests—to tell Iris his whole history. With this intention he calls on Van Royat, and finds him with Straight John and Iris.

To Straight John and Van Royat alone, he repeats his interview with Jim, and is assured by them that he has nothing to be ashamed of; but they agree that Jim must marry Iris.

Lord Greatborough, thoroughly relieved, offers his hands to both men.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

The Retreat.

"You have lifted a great load from my mind," he said. "I shall feel happier still when I know you have persuaded Gascoigne. We talked together last night, and he left my house resolved to sacrifice everything for his work, even threatened to turn his back on London."

Straight John's face hardened, but he chuckled. "You leave him to us! There's only one thing I would like to put to your lordship: I am nothing more nor less than a rough sailor man; my time for work is about past, and I didn't make no fortune in catching fish; my savings—well, they've been barely enough to keep our little girl in food and clothes. I don't want to be grasping, but you'll make some settlement on Iris before she marries!"

"I shall settle on her everything I possess," Greatborough replied quickly. "Directly your nephew is publicly engaged to my daughter, I shall consult my lawyers, and, of course, you, too, shall be suitably provided for."

Straight John beamed. "Let's get along, Mr. Van Royat, and strike whilst the iron's hot." He looked at the clock. "We shall find Jim at home now for sure. We mustn't waste a minute."

"Good." Greatborough looked anxiously towards the door. "And I shall wait here until you return. Will you send my daughter to me—that I may tell her?"

Straight John nodded. He came to Greatborough's side, and looked searching into his face. "Break the news gently, your lordship, and don't tell her too much yet. She's a sensitive little maid, and she ain't had no one but me and Jim all her life. Tell her gently."

Van Royat and Straight John left the room; the latter

found Iris, and, taking her by the hand, told her that Lord Greatborough wanted to speak to her alone.

"He has something to say to you, my dear," he whispered; "strange news to tell you, and to be sure 'tis mortal good news, too, and there's better coming. So be brave; smile when you see him. And trust him, as you've always trusted me."

Bending down, he kissed her quickly, and, opening the door gently, pushed her into the sitting-room, then he followed Van Royat downstairs, and out into the street. Together they went in search of the priest.

JIM GASCOIGNE made up his mind now; there was no turning back, no thought of wavering. A spiritual prize-fighter, he had entered the ring full of pluck and confidence, but quite ignorant of the opponents he would meet and the methods they would employ against him.

In short he had very little experience of that gentleman popularly called the devil. And, therefore, for some weeks, he had fought blindly, not quite knowing what he fought against. Mistakes he had made without number, and the most fatal, and, at the same time, most common, was, that his foes, having disguised themselves as his friends, deceived him a little while into fighting for instead of against them.

Still, he had played the game, though they hit beneath the belt.

Gascoigne was awake now to the tricks of the spiritual trade. Accident had unmasked his opponents, and he saw them in their true colours.

Though it was early morning, and not many hours had passed since his triumph at the Albert Hall and his interview with Greatborough, his eyes still blazed angrily as he knelt on the floor of his sitting-room before a couple of portmanteaux, packing.

And, whilst he packed, man's old and faithful friend Satan whispered mockingly in his ears:

"Yes, you have discovered your foes, that's true enough, Jim Gascoigne, and you are running away from them! Coward!"

The priest tried to shut his ears to these taunts, but he could not escape them.

"Coward," the devil said; "you are running away from me." And there was some truth in the assertion. And he knew that the people, the sinners, and publicans to whom he had promised much, would say the same of him.

They would not understand; how should they? And

the righteous Scribes and Pharisees would encourage their misunderstanding.

Gascoigne knew all this, and more. But it made no difference to him now. His heart was almost light as he packed, though his brows were knit, and his teeth tightly clenched. He felt like a soldier who, fretting at being forced to pass his time in the dainty rooms and boudoirs of his friends, had at last heard the call of battle, and was packing his traps to go forth and wage real warfare.

He had been a fool, he told himself, blinded by the glitter of a little gold, and the applause of a handful of people; fooled by seeing Society following at his heels. As big an egotist as any of the kind, he had thought his paltry little battle in the church in Piccadilly had won him complete and overwhelming victory.

No soldier he, but a sycophant. A sit-at-home warrior for dainty ladies to applaud, nursemaids to stare at, and city clerks to envy.

He strapped one portmanteau with a cry of relief and a shout of defiance. Though invisible, the devil was still by his side tempting him; but his power had gone.

He heard the roar of battle distinctly, echoing in his ears now, and it did not come from the richest city in the world, not even from the slums and gutters of that city where the river of gold floated ceaselessly, even whilst those who stood beside it starved. No, the battle was waged right in the heart of England: in the East, in the West, and away up in the North, and thither he was bound.

There was a knock at the door, but he did not hear it. Repeated loudly, he shouted to whoever knocked to enter—Greatborough, Straight John, or Middlesex—he feared none of them now.

He did not even glance up when he heard the door open and close, not until he heard the rustle of a woman's skirts. Then he stopped his packing, hesitated, and raised his head. And the devil, crouching invisible behind him, chuckled. It is always the strong card of Satan's, when he is in difficulties with a strong man—to play A Woman.

Poppy stood just inside the door looking at him with an amused, cynical smile. Gascoigne did not speak, but waited to hear why she had called on him at such an early hour. For he had forgotten her; had, indeed, thought very little of her of late.

She looked at him and smiled. "I don't suppose you want to see me, but I have come to say, 'Good-morning and good-bye.'"

Gascoigne was surprised. "How did you know I was going away?"

Poppy Marshall crossed the room, and sat down in an arm-chair, and, leaning her elbows on her knees, her face between her hands, looked at him.

"You have already gone, haven't you. I wasn't a false prophet, was I? The kingdom, the power, and the glory have captured you."

(Continued on next page.)

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The Subject of the Essay is—

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£20 in Cash to the Mother of the Winner, £10 in Cash to the School Teacher or Governess of the Winner, and £10 in Cash to the Baker supplying the Winner's family with TUROG Bread.

SECOND PRIZE.

£25 in Cash for the Second Best Essay.
£10 in Cash to the Mother of the Winner.
£5 in Cash to the School Teacher or Governess of the Winner.
£5 in Cash to the Baker supplying the Winner's family with TUROG Bread.

THIRD PRIZE.

£15 in Cash for the next Best Essay.
£5 in Cash for the Mother of the Winner.
£3 in Cash to the School Teacher or Governess of the Winner.
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He nodded his head. "Very nearly; as you see, I'm running away."

Poppy leaned back, and crossed her knees. "I thought I might have found you already flown. I guessed, in your new rôle, you wouldn't stop in a side street long. The Church will soon have you back, make you a bishop, and you'll drive in your carriage, and sit in the House of Lords, and be no end of a big pot."

Gascoigne was silent; he was thinking how narrowly he had escaped! Yes, a few hours ago he was well on the road to being what Poppy Marshall called, "no end of a big pot." He rose to his feet, and, walking to the mantelpiece, lit a cigarette.

"Don't be selfish!"

He laughed, gave her one, and then stood looking down at her.

She had changed since he last saw her, or so he thought, and not for the better. She more nearly resembled herself of the evening he had first seen her in Piccadilly, when, with Lord Middlesex, he had made his way into the church; in her eyes a bold defiance; in her attitude, and in her speech, recklessness.

"I suppose you have heard about my success of yesterday?" he asked. The sarcasm in his voice was lost on her.

"I tell you, that's why I came to say good-bye. You won't be hunting my soul now you've got a chance of saving more valuable ones. I'm not blaming you, and I came to wish you good luck; but, all the same, that evening at All Saints' you made me believe in you for a minute; I thought you were like the Man you preached about; I thought you had come to help rotters like me, and others a good bit more rotten. Oh, don't speak," as he made a movement; "I know what you're going to say; I know what you're going to do; you will have Charity Missions for us, nice little Guilds, and all sorts of jolly games, which women with white hands and white feet will play. They don't catch me, and, what's more, they won't catch my old friends away in the Black Country."

She closed her eyes. "Do you remember that night outside Manchester, when we both met in the train? I was Ginger-Pop then, looking for a drunken father. You sort of got hold of me; you could have done whatever you liked with me; if you had stopped there, outside Manchester, you could have done what you liked with any of the girls and boys. But it would have been a poor game, and little thanks you'd have got."

She rose to her feet, and held out her hand. "Well, good-bye, Jim Gascoigne, priest; and, when you sit in the House of Lords and make laws for the people you don't know, remember, you knew one of them once!"

Gascoigne bent over his portmanteau again. "Wait until I've finished my packing."

"What for?"

"Because I want you to help me. I said I was running away; so I am. I'm going back to the life you left, the people you forsook. I have discovered just in time what you've been trying to tell me, and, instead of dancing at the skirts of life, I'm going to dig down into the heart of our Empire."

Poppy laughed, and lit another cigarette. "And what does all that high-flutin' mean?"

"It means," Gascoigne cried, closing his portmanteau with a bang; "it means I'm going North, East, and West. I'm going to live with the people who work for their bread, not here with the people who beg it or steal it. I'm going where there's life."

She echoed the word bitterly. "There weren't much life up to Manchester; there ain't much life in the pits of the coal mines, or the factories, or the foundries. There's a good lot of death, a good lot of dirt, and an average amount of sin, and a great load of sorrow. Don't tell me you're going to chuck a comfortable house, a motor-car, and the House of Lords for that!"

"I am!" He rose to his feet. "I've packed, and now I'm ready to start. I've been talking a lot, I know, now I'm going to act. So, good-bye, Poppy—and, good luck."

She dropped her cigarette; she did not take his hand; she drew back, staring at him. Defiance had left her eyes, but they were still reckless; the look of recklessness had, indeed, increased.

"You're coddling," she stammered.

He shook his head. "I won't boast again; but Time will tell."

"You're going back home?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it even was my home, in a way."

He moved towards the door, but she stepped in front of him, and stopped him. "Here, don't be in such a hurry—I want to get at the meaning of this. What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Serve," he said, shortly; "teach others to serve one another—God and their Empire."

She still stared at him amazed. "By gum, I'd like to see you do it. There's a lot even one fellow like you could do up there. Serve, you said; I wonder what that means? It don't mean gassing about soul-saving, does it? whilst fellows burn in the foundries, and girls rot in the factories; for that ain't a bit of good, straight?"

"No, it means something more than that. I have only just awakened to what it does mean myself."

Poppy came closer to him, and laid her hands on his shoulders. "There's a light in your face I've only seen there once before, and that's when you stood in the pulpit of All Saints'. I thought you were dreaming then—wonder if you're dreaming now?"

"I wonder!"

She turned away and walked to the windows. "I've done a bit of reading since I came up to London, and a good bit since I met you; but I don't seem none the wiser for it. All I've learned is that everyone is shouting out for something. The world's all wrong, they say, and, to put it right, each fellow opens a subscription list for something or other. Tell me, what are you going to tell 'em to do, when you get up amongst the people, in what you call the heart of the Empire?"

Gascoigne shook his head. "There's a lot to tell them,

Poppy. But, after all, the first thing and the last thing is service."

She sniffed. "And what do you mean by that?"

"A woman will serve her home, her children, her own sex—and I guess there's no better service to God than that. Man will serve all woman-kind, his country. He'll fight for the Empire God gave him; the time, the money, the strength he now wastes in public-houses and street corners he'll give to prepare himself for that fight, and, without, perhaps, realising it, he'll learn to be straight, to be honest, brave, and self-respecting. And he'll teach those lessons to these people, in this city, people who are so drunk with wealth that they reel blindly about, not knowing where their footsteps take them."

"Words again," Poppy said under her breath.

"Come with me," Gascoigne cried, "and I'll show you deeds!"

She ran towards him with a sharp cry. "I'll do it! By gum, I'll do it! I'll go with you; I'll fight and work for you; I'll fight with you." She flung open her arms with a wild enthusiasm. "Here I am, yours body and soul, to do with as you like; set me any task; show me how to serve, and, by gum, I'll serve!"

Gascoigne fell back, amazed. "You—come with—me now?"

"Yes, it's now or never. You ain't ashamed of me, are you? You ain't ashamed of what people will say or think? No, I know you're not; your conscience is enough for you. I'll come as your servant, that's all. It ain't any sacrifice I'm making, for love will never come my way now; it ain't too late for me to live, and it ain't too late for me to go back to live with those to whom I rightly belong. Will you take me?"

Gascoigne's head was bowed on his breast; his lips moved. He threw back his head, and held out his hands. "Yes, gladly. But you know what to expect?"

Poppy laughed. "Rotten eggs, for our trouble I dare say! We ain't afraid of that. The Man in your Bible story—He was nailed up."

"Then come!" Gascoigne opened the door.

And, as they descended the stairs, the house-bell rang.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

Pursued.

"MORNING, Jim," Straight John cried cheerily. For it was he who had rung the front door bell.

"Good morning," Gascoigne replied shortly.

He glanced at Poppy, wondering if she realised that here the first fight faced them. Probably she did, for she nodded with delightful *sang froid* to Van Royat, and then touched Jim's arm.

"Do you want a taxi or a hansom cab? A taxi will take the luggage, and it's much nicer, isn't it?"

Van Royat looked alarmed, but Straight John smiled amicably; his brain worked slowly.

"Where be you goin' so early, Jim? We came to congratulate you on yesterday, again. Us have got some news for you—or, rather, us knows the news."

Poppy glanced over her shoulder at Straight John: "Do you?"

And she walked quickly down the street to Piccadilly Circus, and hailed a passing taxi-cab.

Van Royat stepped into the hall, saw the luggage the servant had brought down, and his fears took root. He beckoned to Straight John and pointed to the luggage: "We're too late!"

Straight John frowned: "Too late—what do you mean? What are you talking about?"

He turned again to Jim as the cab halted with a rattle against the pavement: "Where be you off to in such a hurry? What luggage is that there, lying in the hall?"

Gascoigne opened the door of the cab and helped Poppy to enter, then he assisted the servant with the luggage, whilst Straight John watched, thoroughly mystified. Beppo, who had followed Gascoigne, sat down opposite the cab—and waited! Van Royat's face changed colour, but he held his tongue.

"It's my luggage," Gascoigne said when the trunks were safely stowed away on the cab, "and I'm going away."

"Going, where? You're mazed!"

"I'm going home," Gascoigne repeated. He held out his hand: "Good-bye, uncle."

Straight John stared dumbly, an ugly frown knitting his shaggy brows.

Finding that Straight John did not take his hand, Jim entered the cab and closed the door; Beppo followed him.

Then Van Royat jumped forward.

"What the dickens are you playing at? What tomfoolery is this?" He thrust his arm through the open window, almost shaking his fist in Poppy's face. "You are responsible for this, you little fool; what's your game, eh?"

"Never you mind," Poppy cried defiantly. "I'm playing my own game, and you can play yours, Mr. Van Royat; and it's good-bye to you, and it's good-bye to London, and I tell you, straight, I'm not sorry to go!"

Straight John was speechless; Van Royat with difficulty found his tongue. He looked now at Gascoigne, a mixture of contempt and loathing on his face:

"So you're running away with that woman—you young fool!"

Gascoigne, his eyes alight with a dangerous fire, started up, but Poppy seized his arm: "Let 'em talk," she whispered; "they don't know what they say. Words don't hurt us."

"I know that," Van Royat foamed, "but this has got beyond a joke!" He flung open the door of the taxi-cab.

"I'm not going to let that woman ruin you, Jim Gascoigne; I'll save you in spite of yourself. Here, get out of it!"

He tried to seize Gascoigne, but the latter pushed him away. At the same moment Poppy leaped out of the window and whispered to the chauffeur; the car started forward with a jerk. Van Royat lurched back, and narrowly escaped falling across the pavement.

When he recovered himself the taxi-cab had already turned into Piccadilly Circus.

Straight John was staring after it, open-mouthed.

"What's happened?" he mumbled stupidly. "What does it all mean? Jim ain't gone off with her!" He caught hold of Van Royat and shook him. "Why don't you speak? What does it mean—what's us goin' to do?"

"Follow them, you old fool!"

Van Royat started to run along the pavement whistling for a taxi-cab; Straight John followed as fast as his rheumatically old limbs would allow. The next thing he realised was that he was being bundled into a cab, which was careering wildly up Oxford Street, Van Royat standing up shouting directions to the chauffeur.

"It must be a joke," the old man mumbled when Van Royat sat down, "or else Jim's gone clean mazed."

"Clean mazed," Van Royat spluttered between a string of oaths, "every man goes clean mazed about some woman once in his life! But Poppy Marshall, of all women—wait until I get hold of her! By Jove, she shall pay for this."

He turned fiercely on Straight John: "It's blackmail, that's what it is! She's kidnapped him so that she can extort a few thousands out of our pockets, for his return. That's her game, clever little beggar."

Straight John lay back in the cab gasping. Events had happened too quickly for him; his brain reeled—so did the taxi-cab, and he held on to his seat and to Van Royat's arm pathetically, held in the grip of fear and impotent rage.

"Lord Greatborough, Iris—I mean her ladyship," he mumbled stupidly. "Think of the money they've got—it's all Jim's if he marries Iris now! Jim can't know, he can't have understood."

"Shut up chattering," Van Royat said roughly. "Stick your head out of the other window and see if you can catch sight of their cab—double-o-nine four was their number, a yellow car."

Straight John obeyed, but continued to mutter questions to the air whilst Van Royat hurled imprecations from the other window.

Meanwhile Poppy had peered from the little slit at the back of the cab and realised that they were being chased. She told Gascoigne: "What will happen if they catch us?"

Jim laughed. "I suppose they'll make a scene. Does that matter?"

Poppy looked serious; her eyes glinted and grew steel-like. They became the eyes of the woman who only knows one law, the law of self-preservation; they resembled the eyes of a woman whom the world has forsaken because she has forsaken the path the world bade her tread. Looking at her, Gascoigne realised what a short distance she would have had to travel along the old path before she reached the Pit from which there is no escape.

The cab they had engaged was one of London's latest luxuries; it possessed an apparatus with a clock-like face; it gave communication with the chauffeur. Leaning forward, Poppy seized the handle of the dial, and as they reached the top of Regent Street turned it sharply until it pointed left. A few seconds later she again swung the cab round to the right, then to the left again; then once more to the left—and yet again, until they had traversed a complete circle.

The chauffeur began to look worried and irritated, and, leaning out of the window, Poppy spoke to him.

"We were being followed, but I think we've lost them now. I want to stop at Marjorie Mansions; the other cab must not find us. I shall be there five minutes, then we want to go on to Euston. If we're not caught, it's worth a couple of pounds to you."

Turning her head in the opposite direction, she looked down the street, but in the maze of traffic she could find nothing like the pursuing car.

She sat down with a short laugh: "I hope they'll have a pleasant drive. I've got an old score up against Van Royat; this will help to pay it off."

"Paying off old scores is not in our programme, Poppy," Gascoigne said under his breath.

His face was very pale, he was staring into space, his hands clasped tightly together.

Poppy looked at him and her face changed; the ugly light left her eyes, and, instead of steel, they became the colour of deep green sea reflecting the blue of a cloudless sky. She laid her hand on his, then quickly withdrew it, as if afraid of being misunderstood.

"I know," she said coldly, "but please don't preach now, Jim. I mean, just leave everything to me until we're safe—home."

Gascoigne repeated her words: "Safe home! Yet it seems pretty rotten to be running away like this."

Poppy frowned. "Never mind what it seems. I know Mr. Van Royat; if he catches us he'll make a dickens of a scene. And you—you're hot-headed, Jim, though you are a priest. You see, Van Royat, he's too clever; he'll pretend to take your side, and he'll go for me, clever nothing of calling the police and trying to give me in charge."

... And I know what you'd do. I've seen you pommel sense into a man once before. You would both end by getting fourteen days' hard, and that wouldn't be doing much good, would it?"

Something like a smile was at the corner of Gascoigne's lips. "We shall get worse than that, Poppy, before we're through with our work."

The cab stopped at Marjorie Mansions, and Poppy jumped out. "I think you'd better come up," she said to Gascoigne; "though you've given them the slip, it's quite on the cards Van Royat will try to find me here. Of course, he thinks we've gone to one of the railway-stations, but if I know him he'll try the Continental line."

She turned to the chauffeur: "You had better draw up round the corner and wait there; we shall not be long."

She led the way into a block of flats, and Gascoigne followed her hesitatingly. His conscience was not easy; he was not afraid for himself or for Poppy Marshall. He was still thinking what the world would say.

For it is a crime to be misjudged, and an innocent criminal is less easily forgiven than a guilty.

(Another instalment next week.)

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BE A GOOD
LISTENER.

A Secret of Popularity.

THE woman who believes that the secret of popularity lies in the ability to talk brilliantly makes a mistake. The mystery of popularity is due to the skill in making others talk more than in talking yourself.

I have heard many a man exclaim over a young woman whom he has just met and had a few minutes' conversation with, "I liked that girl. She was all right," when "that girl" had wisely listened graciously while the man told her all about himself. I have seen girls struggle along wondering why they were not universally liked until it suddenly occurred to them to stop talking, to stop making witty speeches, and listen to the commonplaces of others. Then they found a struggle no longer necessary and were voted "charming."

Decided Opinions are Fatal.

The majority of men would rather talk brilliantly themselves than listen to the brilliant conversation of a woman. A man will soon run away from a woman whose intellect he cannot help but admire and devote himself to that woman who hangs on his words, and acts a little bit like a worshipper.

Middle-aged women will pronounce a young woman as "delightful" when she flatters them by asking for advice, listens to their remarks about "when I was a girl," and only throws in a word occasionally.

Decided opinions, or rather the expression of decided opinions, is fatal to popularity. If a young woman has very pronounced ideas about anything under the sun let her keep them to herself. She may shape her life according to her views, but let her beware of an expression of them. A woman is much more loved if she expresses sympathy with the ideas of others than if she exploits what she thinks herself.

Talked Pottery by the Hour.

A man is far more likely to be fascinated by a woman who will lend him her ear than by the one who uses her tongue too fluently.

I was taking the rest-cure at a Continental spa. A millionaire arrived during my second week, and I was amused at watching the dead-set made at him by the feminine circle.

To our general amazement he eventually proposed to the plainest girl there, one whom we should have supposed to be the very last with any chance of captivating him. Something she said to me (in confidence) just before the wedding threw a good deal of light on the matter.

"I have only one gift," she said, "I am a good listener. I soon discovered that there was only one subject he was interested in and could talk about—ancient pottery. The others wouldn't let him bore them; I did. He talked pottery to me by the hour, and I never let him see that it didn't interest me in the least."

That was the key to one marriage at least. The poor man had a hobby, and he wandered about looking for a listener. When he found one he married her.

Adding Inches
by Exercise

How Short Girls Can Increase their Height.



ALMOST any woman, by following a certain course of physical exercise, can add one or more inches to the height of her body.

To many a short woman this statement will come as a surprise; but I assert it in perfectly good faith and as a result of an experience covering several hundred cases in which just this result has followed the practice which I shall describe. These exercises have been devised for the special purpose of elongating the body, and in every case in which they are faithfully practised they will have that effect—to what extent depends upon several matters which I will explain presently.

In the first place, we must remember that the human body is to all intents and purposes a jointed column, more or less erect. Practically we may consider that the body has five joints—one at the shoulder-blades, one at the small of the back, one at the hips and one each at the knees and ankles.

Now, the average person bends or droops a little at each joint. This means that the head is thrown forward, the shoulder-blades back, and the chest is collapsed and lowered. The back is hollowed, the hip joint and the knees are slightly bent, and the entire body, instead of being a straight column, falls into a series of curves. In this bending and collapse of the body there is a loss of height varying from one to four inches.

Bending Becomes Habitual.

The average woman carries the body in this way—slightly bent at each of the joints. If we inquire as to the reasons for this habitual bending of the body we shall find them many. First of all, perhaps, is the common habit of bending over at the table, or in the work-room. Sewing, cycling, lifting—all these tend to cause a bending of the joints, and this bending of the joints soon becomes habitual, producing collapse and shortening of the body.

Between the body which is allowed to sag and the body which is uplifted there is a difference in height of anywhere from one to four inches. Besides which the body carried in the bent position looks even shorter than it actually is; while the body upheld, being thrown forward as well as upward, appears larger and taller than it really is.

"And now," asks the young woman who wants to be taller, "how shall we proceed to lengthen the human column and gain the several inches of height thus obtainable?"

In answer I would say that the practice of certain simple, costless, and almost effortless exercises will not only lengthen and expand the shortened and collapsed body, but will

so train the muscles that they will soon become habituated to holding the body in an erect pose, thus increasing the height several inches.

Among the movements which I have found most useful for this purpose are the following:

Stand erect, feet close together, arms hanging easily at the sides. Now inhale a full, deep breath, at the same time lifting the arms straight out at the sides, until when the lungs are filled the arms are extended straight up over the head. Then, holding the breath, stretch firmly upward as though trying to reach some object just beyond the finger tips. After a few seconds of firm stretching exhale the breath, relax the muscles and sweep the arms down to original position.

Waist Muscles Need Developing.

The effect of this simple but powerful movement is to uplift and expand the body and to make it for the time several inches taller. By many repetitions the muscles upholding the body grow stronger and more energetic until gradually they become able to hold the body upright and elongated at all times, and without any sense of strain or effort.

Very often the muscles at the sides of the waist are weak and undeveloped, and through their incapacity, the body tends to sag downward. For this defect I find the following movement a splendid corrective.

Stand with feet near together. Now inhale a full breath, at the same time raising the right hand straight up over the head. Then holding the breath, stretch firmly upward. After a few moments of stretching, exhale the breath, swinging the arm down to original position.

The same movement should be practised with the left arm.

One of the most frequent deformities of bodily carriage is the "hollow back." This curve in the small of the back is often enough of itself to cause a loss of an inch in height. To correct it I find the following movement most useful:

Stand with feet near together. Let out the breath in a gentle sigh, and at the same time let the head fall on the chest. Then, still with muscles relaxed, let the body follow, arms hanging easily until the finger tips are near the floor—or actually resting upon the floor. During this movement it is important not to bend the knees.

These movements, taken together, form a system which will in every case produce an increase in the height and a marked improvement in the general health.

SHOULD A MAN
PROPOSE TWICE?

To the Same Girl, of Course.

WHEN a man has asked a woman to marry him and has been refused, the question whether he shall ask her again is one which only he himself can answer.

In the first place it is of the utmost importance that he should be certain of his own wishes in the matter; whether he truly is in love, or merely swept along by the wind of a passing fancy; whether the woman who has said "No" is so desirable in his eyes that he cannot be happy unless he gets her. Nor is this phase of the question altogether easy to decide off-hand. Men, as well as women, often mistake a passing fancy for a deep and abiding love, and later on find that their affection being without root withers away.

Men Are Not Constant.

Every woman by whom a man is strongly attracted is, for the moment, to him the "one and only" in all the world, but time passes, the slide in the magic lantern of his heart is filled with another image, then another, and he is equally sure that each in turn is loved with the one love of his life. Constancy, where it serves no good purpose, ceases to be a virtue, and becomes a misfortune, if not a vice.

So far as is publicly known, no statistics have yet been compiled upon the subject, but observation and evidence go to prove that the average man marries somewhere about the fifth or sixth girl with whom he falls in love. There have been four or five young women, each of whom, for a longer or shorter period, he has regarded as the paragon of her sex; but he has already got over his infatuation and has married another, and probably congratulates himself upon the fact that he has done so—it would be most unfortunate for him and for his wife if he had not.

The manner of the refusal should weigh in the reception thereof. Any man with his fair share of common sense ought to know whether he is snubbed or the contrary; whether his suit is peremptorily declined or merely tentatively set aside.

Keep Away from Ridicule.

Another thing which the wooer should take into consideration is that women from their youth up are taught to repress their feelings, and often are stiff and cold because of the effort at repression. Almost all women are more or less nervous, and mirth, which is hysterical rather than merry, is often resented as ridicule by a sensitive wooer. An attack of the kind may dash the cup of happiness from a woman's lips and incense her suitor past forgiveness. An involuntary smile will be taken for heartlessness by the man who is desperately in earnest. A humorous word will be an insult, a jest a proof of scorn. No man can bear to be laughed at, and his vanity if not his heart will receive a wound which is not easily to be healed. It is a pity, but women sometimes lose the men whom they love by a lack of self-control which is misconstrued into ridicule.

SOME DAINY DISHES AND HINTS FOR THE HOME.

RHEUMATIC

People should eat freely of celery, both raw and cooked.

THE COLOUR OF PLUSH

May be revived by sponging it with methylated chloroform. (Reply to Dis-tracted.)

SILVER AND METAL TEAPOTS

Should be as clean and bright inside as out. Stand soda water in them two or three hours before their weekly clean, then polish thoroughly, and you will keep the inside free from stains.

CHICKEN TOAST.

A delicious dish can be made from quite the remains of a chicken. Remove all scraps of the meat from the bone, free it from skin, and then chop. Put a little good gravy in a saucepan, flavour it nicely, and then add the chicken, which should have been well dredged with flour. Let it warm through, but not boil, and then serve on squares of toast. Garnish with chopped parsley or beetroot, or both.

AN ECONOMICAL STEW.

Cut one and a half pounds of gravy beef into small pieces as if for a pie. Dip each in flour, pepper and salt, and put into a stewing jar. Fill up with chopped vegetables, the greater the variety the better, but no water. Add pepper and salt, and if liked a little allspice. Put on the cover, tie it over with paper, and set the jar in a moderate oven for about six hours. Serve very hot.

TO KEEP VEGETABLES FRESH.

Place all green vegetables and roots in a cold, dark place, for light and heat tend to make them decay.

RUSSIAN MINCE.

Cut a pound of cold meat into small pieces, also any cold vegetables, ham, bacon, or a suet pudding. Fry all in a little dripping. Season highly with pepper, salt, finely chopped onion, parsley, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir all together over the fire and serve very hot on toast. (Reply to ALICE N.)

BAKED PLAICE.

Cut into slices a nice thick plaice. Dip each piece in spiced vinegar, and dust with salt and cayenne. Arrange the fish in a greased tin, cover with breadcrumbs mixed with chopped lemon peel and parsley, and scatter little bits of dripping over. Bake in a quick oven till the crumbs are quite brown and crisp. Serve with a little anchovy sauce in a tureen.

HARICOT PIE

Is a very good vegetarian dish. Soak half a pound of haricots or butter beans over night in plenty of water and then boil them. Grease a pie-dish, and put in a layer of beans, season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle with a little minced onion. Then add a layer of sliced hard boiled egg, then another layer of beans, and some sliced tomatoes. Over all pour a little thick gravy, cover with short crust, and bake.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM
MAHOAGANY.

Touch the spots with a camel's hair brush or a feather dipped in spirits of nitre, and when the ink begins to disappear rub it over as quickly as possible with a rag wetted in cold water. (Reply to H. F. L., Leeds.)

SOLID CREAM

Is a very good yet simple sweet for a party. Strain the juice of half a large fresh lemon on to two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar in a jug. Add a pint of thick cream, and a little brandy for flavouring, then pour the mixture from one jug to the other till the cream begins to thicken. As soon as that happens, pour into jelly glasses and serve. Scatter a little pink sugar on each. (Reply to PEGGY.)

TO MAKE BOOTS WATERPROOF
AND DURABLE.

Now that we are liable to sloppy weather, my readers will find the following an excellent course to pursue with regard to their foot wear. Warm the soles of your boots and shoes at a fire, in order to extract all trace of moisture that may be in the leather, and then give the soles a good coating of copal varnish. This varnish can be obtained at any oilman's, and three-pennyworth of it proves sufficient for twenty pairs of boots. You should apply the varnish to the soles once a month, and besides making them perfectly watertight it will have the

effect of causing them to last three times as long as they would otherwise.

A DEFECTIVE MEMORY.—CHANGE OF
FOOD IMPROVED IT.

Weak memory, like weak eyes, frequently points straightaway to poor nutrition, and the safest cure is an abundance of the right kind of food.

A Manchester man writes:—

"Three years ago I was in a very poor state of health, all my energy left me, even my memory became defective, with the result that my business went down a good deal.

"About nine months ago I decided to give Grape-Nuts a trial. I did so, and have improved wonderfully. My appetite is now all that can be desired, the energy has returned, and my memory was certainly never better. Business is now doubly interesting, and I get through three times the amount of work without any strain. I am never without Grape-Nuts. We are all fond of the food at home."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Grape-Nuts is a true nerve and brain food, and is delicious with either hot or cold milk. A ten days' trial proves there's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ACROSTICS.

£15 in Prizes. 25 FIRST PRIZE. 810 IN OTHER PRIZES.

DURING the winter now drawing to a close *Home Notes*, the popular ladies' paper, has been running a series of Punning Contests which have proved a source of great amusement and profit to its readers.

The time having now arrived when a change is due, the Editor has pleasure in reviving an entertaining form of competition which was presented to the public some ten years ago and was much appreciated.

The competition is ACROSTICS. The idea on which the new contests are based is simplicity itself. From page 352 of *Home Notes*, dated Feb. 18, you choose any word you like. Then prepare a sentence, each word of which must begin with a letter of the word you have selected, using these letters in their proper order.

For example. Say the word WINTER is selected. An Acrostic on this word might read:

WEATHER IN NOVEMBER TRIES EVERYONE RUDEFULLY.

Here is another example—an Acrostic on the word PROFIT.

PREPARE RICHES OR FAIL IN TIME.

In the same way you are invited to write an Acrostic on the coupon below. Compound words (those consisting of two or more words joined by a hyphen) are not allowed.

Arrangements have been made by which readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may take part in this week's competition by using the form below. The result of this contest will appear in *Home Notes* only.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed "C. & Co." and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to *Home Notes*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "Acrostic No. 1" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Wednesday, Feb. 17.

USE THIS ENTRY FORM.

ACROSTIC No. 1.

Postal Order No.

The word selected from line of page 352 makes the following Acrostic:—

I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the decision published in *Home Notes* as final and legally binding.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

The adjudication of all attempts sent in will be carried out with the greatest possible care and consideration. £25 will be awarded this week to the sender of the Acrostic which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. The remaining £10 will be divided in other prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

The Editor of *Home Notes* will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

That Dreadful Night-Cough

STOPPED WITHOUT HARMFUL DRUGS.

SUFFERERS whose chests are torn and racked by a dreadful cough which is worst in the night-time will find in Peps the relief and soothing long awaited. The unique qualities of Peps likewise appeal to those whose throats are blocked by long stringy phlegm which painful and prolonged coughing often fails to dislodge.

Remove the preserving silver wrapping from a Peps tablet, and let the tablet dissolve slowly on the tongue. Wonderful easing fumes at once pass through the throat and down the breathing tubes, into the lungs. Inflammation in the chest caused by coughing is soothed, and troublesome mucous and phlegm easily come up. Hence, chests torn by coughing fits are healed and strengthened against future attacks.

While yet novel and new, Peps' great success is based upon permanent features in the medicine—freedom from hurtful drugs, marvellous curative and soothing powers, pure ingredients, unique, invigorating, germicidal and medicinal qualities which are conveyed by the natural process of breathing direct to the seat of chest trouble.

Peps are of incalculable benefit for that night cough associated with bronchitis in old-age, with the result of influenza, pneumonia, and pleurisy, or even with consumption. Thousands of regular users praise Peps.

Peps

The wonderful breathable tablets for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and other chest and throat ailments are obtainable from chemists at 1/14 or 2/6, or post free from Peps, Carlton Hill, Leeds. See the guarantee-Peps on every box.

FREE.

Send this Coupon with rd. stamp (for postage) to Peps, Carlton Hill, Leeds, for a free dainty sample of Peps.

Pearson's Weekly.
Feb. 18, 1909.

IN DANGER

the **LIFEBUOY** has served many in good stead. In calm or storm it is ready, aye ready. In health or sickness **LIFEBUOY SOAP** has a useful purpose to serve. It bears the name "Lifebuoy," for it saves from disease and

Makes Health Infectious.

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS AT THE SAME TIME.

Lever Brothers Ltd., Port Sunlight, England.

THE NAME LEVER ON SOAP IS A GUARANTEE OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.

LIFEBUOY SOAP



SAVES LIFE



An Englishman's Home.

By the time this paper reaches your hands you will have heard of the enormous interest aroused throughout the country by the great Invasion play produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London. The lesson which it teaches is a serious one, and it is evident that we have taken it to heart. Most of the heads of the British Army have been to see it, including Mr. Haldane, and they have been unanimous in admitting the value of the play from a national point of view.

Since, however, it is impossible for all our readers to have the pleasure of seeing the performance, we have decided to give them a story which will embody the same great lesson, that is taught by the play.

We have arranged with one of the cleverest writers of the day to immediately prepare a stirring novel dealing with the invasion of England by a foreign army. It will not be a story in which the author moves huge masses of men about the country, in which tactics and stratagem are dealt with in military fashion, or in which huge land battles and naval engagements are described.

It will be the stirring story of the effects of an invasion on the Briton's home—your home.

Wanted—Articles and Stories.

As you will have seen by the footlines throughout this issue, I am anxious to get hold of some fresh young writers who can send me in good topical articles, brightly written, and on subjects which are likely to appeal to my readers. And not only articles, but short stories of the right sort, sent along to me, will be exchanged for good red gold, or the equally welcome and useful cheques. So that, if you know of any brilliant young authors eating their hearts out in some lonely attic, get them to send along suggestions for articles, and we will speedily say if they are likely to be of use. But, perhaps, a number of my readers may say, "Oh, I can't write either articles or stories." Never mind. I can, perhaps, put a little money into your pockets also. You, of course, know our feature called, "Picture Paragraphs." At the present time I am paying half-a-crown for each original picture paragraph sent in and accepted. It is not necessary for you to be able to draw elaborately; just sketch as best you can, and describe what you mean, and we'll doubtless be able to put the matter straight. And still one more offer; this time to poets, and it is this: If you care to write me short, humorous, and rollicking verses on topical subjects, such as I am using in my feature entitled, "Recorded in Rhyme," on page 681, I shall be pleased to pay five shillings for each contribution accepted. Now, brush up your brains, and fill your pockets. If you still say you can't do any of these things, then try your hand at Changelets, and, perhaps, win at one attempt a first prize of £50, a second prize of £25, or a third prize of £10. It's worth an attempt, at any rate.

St. Valentine.

"My mother has often told me," writes MABEL, "that, when she was young, St. Valentine's Day was the great day of the year. She says people used to send cards then just like they do at Christmas. Can you tell me why this custom has gone out, and I should also like to know who St. Valentine was?" I think the chief reason the custom went out, MABEL, was because the penny post was introduced. Edwin can write beautiful love-letters to Angelina every day in the week now without ruining himself, and he, therefore, doesn't bother himself to send her a valentine. In the old days it was a different matter. Letters then cost a lot of money to send, and so Edwin used to save up his affection, and forward it in large chunks on special occasions. The chief of these was St. Valentine's Day. The origin of the festival is rather a curious one. St. Valentine himself was about the last person you would associate with love-letters. He was a very holy bishop of the early church, who was beheaded by Claudius II. In consequence of his martyrdom, February 14th was appointed as his special day. When the Roman Empire became converted, most of the old pagan festivals were turned into Christian ones. Amongst these was the Lupercalia, or the feast of love tokens, which took place about the middle of February. This became St. Valentine's Day.

TO NOVELISTS.

£200 Offered for a Story.

We are offering a prize of £200 for the best serial story received under the following conditions:

Stories must be from 60,000 to 90,000 words. The plot should be laid principally in this country, and the period should be that of the present day.

The prize of £200 will be paid to the author of the novel considered by us to be the best. We reserve to ourselves the right to purchase any of the other stories at our usual rates of remuneration, and all stories must be submitted under this condition.

Manuscripts, which must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, should be addressed to the Fiction Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked "£200 Story" on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. They must arrive not later than Tuesday, March 16th, 1909.

We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the loss or non-delivery of MSS., but where stamped addressed envelopes are inclosed every endeavour will be made to assure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable.

He's Got a Big Voice.

H. M. K. is troubled over his voice. "I am a small man myself," he writes, "but my voice is very big. It booms. When I try to make love to my best girl, it's like a foghorn, and when I last took part in the singing in church the way the rest of the congregation stared was positively rude. What can I do to tone my voice down?" Don't try to tone it down. When Nature gives you a gift like that, hold on to it, and use it for all it's worth. Go in for public speaking, and glory in the fact that no rowdy interruptions can drown your eloquence.

Auld Acquaintance.

"FACING me on the breakfast table, as I write," says VETERAN, "is a pretty electro-plated tea-set, and thereby hangs a tale. In July, 1891, these three articles—tea-pot, sugar basin, and cream jug—were awarded to me by *Pearson's Weekly* for a winning anagram of a sentence respecting a certain blend of tea. Their value was stated to be three guineas, but this figure was proved very much below the mark. In the seventeen and a half years that have since elapsed, the tea-set has been in constant use, and it yet remains as serviceable and almost as fresh as when it was first unpacked. As an inveterate reader of *P.W.*, I wonder if any other of its prize-winners can claim to have been as well and truly served by his reward." I wonder, too, VETERAN. Seventeen and a half years is a tremendous time for a prize to survive, especially in good working order. The credit must be divided equally between you and the tea service. Good though it undoubtedly was in the first place, you must have handled it with tender and unflinching care. There is some satisfaction in sending a prize to a person like you. If anyone has a *P.W.* prize which has been in their possession for a still longer period, I should like to hear from him. In fact, we might have a little competition, and call it the *P.W.* Marathon. There shall be five prizes consisting of *P.W.* penknives, and one shall be sent to each of the five readers who have held a *P.W.* prize for the longest period. Claims must be sent in by Tuesday, February 23rd, and the envelopes marked Marathon in the top left-hand corner. Claimants must state name of contest, number of issue in which the result was published, and the nature of their prize.

Does it Pay to Dye?

VETERAN is on the horns of a dilemma. He is at heart the soul of honour, and fraud and deception in any form are abhorrent to him. Yet he believes that other men, no better, and, perhaps, not as good as himself, are travelling faster along the road to success, because they condescend to deception. He explains himself thus: "I have been in business for a long time, and now my hair is grey, and my moustache the same. I have never been promoted to a really good position, and I have been mortified by seeing mere boys passed up over my head. My employer, whom I have served faithfully, seems to think that I am getting too old to be trusted with responsible work. The other day my barber, who is a personal friend, suggested to me that, if I allowed him to dye my hair and moustache a jet-black, it would make me look twenty years younger, and that, if I then applied for a new and better berth, I should probably obtain it; while, if I went to apply with my grey head, I should almost certainly be refused. Do you consider I should be doing wrong if I dyed?" I do not think you would do yourself much, if any, good, VETERAN. Hair-dye is a dangerous article to trust in—you can never foresee what tricks it is going to play you. You might start out to seek the new berth with raven locks, and, by the time you arrived at your destination, the colour might easily have changed to a novel purple. Even if the change did not come so soon as this, the very best dyes refuse to "stick." They change and fade, and the user has to be continually on the alert to dab a new supply of the stuff on. Besides, dyed hair gives itself away almost every time; it does not fit in, somehow, with the face of its wearer. And it makes him feel a sham. I should not advise you to try any experiments of the sort.

An Income-tax Growl.

I've been expecting it for a long time, and now it has come. I'm referring to a letter I've just received from E. C. D., a harassed householder, grumbling—well, that's a totally inadequate word, but let it pass—about the amount of income-tax he is asked to pay, and wanting to know if there is not some easy method of finding out just what expenses one is allowed to claim abatement for, and how one can fight against what he considers to be an exaggerated assessment of his income.

A great many of us have probably felt just as you do, E. C. D., about this matter of income-tax, but it's my experience that we have to pay up in the end, the very end—that is, when the final, "Unless, etc., etc.," demand note arrives. But a very handy little book is now published, which is intended to solve all income-tax difficulties, and you cannot do better than purchase it. Its title is, "A Handy Guide for Income-Tax Payers." Its price is 1s., or it can be obtained post free for 1s. 2d. from Mr. A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Bold Bow-Street Runners.

"Do you think that police officers and detectives of to-day are immeasurably superior to those of the past?" is what CLUES is anxious to know. "In modern sensational fiction the alert police officer and the sleuthhound detective are often prominent characters; but in old-time stories these heroes never appear, so I suppose they never did anything to distinguish themselves." Therein you make a mistake, and do the police and detectives of the past an injustice, CLUES. It is true that the methods of crime investigation in vogue nowadays are so dissimilar to those known to our forefathers that a detailed comparison between the two would be hardly fair. But, while it is true that many of the watchmen of old London were ancient, pottering veterans, at whom the modern "Robert" would stare in dignified contempt, could he meet a few samples of them, yet the old Bow-Street runners were amongst the most clever and daring thief-takers who ever lived. One of them, named Townshend, was, having regard to the fact that he had no fingerprint clues, nor telegraphs, nor photographs, nor, in fact, any of our up-to-date aids to the law to help him, the author of exploits, which entitle him to stand on a level with any detective of to-day. They sometimes had to look for a criminal for a long time; but they generally ran him to earth, as in the case of the famous schoolmaster, Eugene Aram, who committed a murder, and was not hanged for it until fourteen years afterwards.

King of Beasts.

"WHAT animal do you think really deserves the title of King of Beasts?" asks DOUBTFUL. "I know that this name is generally applied to the lion, but does he deserve it? Would he stand up, for instance, to a full-sized tiger? I cannot help thinking that, in reality, either an elephant or a rhinoceros would make short work of any other animal if it really lost its temper." I don't think the lion was originally called King of Beasts, DOUBTFUL, because he was supposed to be able to kill everything else. It is more probable that the phrase is a compliment to his appearance. There is certainly no other animal with quite such a majestic air about him. As far as fighting is concerned, the tiger is certainly a more formidable gentleman. To start with, he is considerably stronger. Five men can hold down a lion, but it takes, at least, nine to keep a tiger still. A well-known big game shooter recently told me that the title, "King of Beasts," as far as Africa was concerned, might most justly be applied to the wild boar. When he comes down to drink in the jungle every living thing, even the rhinoceros, clears out of his path. If they don't, he goes straight at them, and, as there is a very good chance of their getting ripped up, they consider discretion the better part of valour. The native hunters will cheerfully go after an elephant or a lion, but no inducement will make them enter a part of the jungle, if they think there is a wild boar there.

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RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

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Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

CHANGELETS.

(Continued from Page One.)

25 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

Day, W., 13 Thorne Rd., Doncaster.
Gadbutt, A. H., 108 Colworth Rd., Leytonstone.
Gibbs, T. Jun., Red House, Coupar Angus.
Gibbs, C. H., The Grove, Godmanchester.
Gibbs, G. D., Colonial Ho., Malvern Link.
Gibbs, R., 30a Calo Rd., Clapham.
Gibbs, E. A., 14 Agincourt Rd., Hampstead.
Gibbs, H., Kingsland, Shrewsbury.
Gibbs, A., Assaye Bks., Tidworth.
Gibbs, W., 114 Russell Terr., Lincoln.
Gibbs, Henry, J., 7 Ann St., Belfast.
Gibbs, W., Hertford Chambers, Coventry.
Gibbs, E., 31 Eley St., Derby.
Gibbs, A., 29 John Finnie St., Kilmarnock.
Gibbs, T., 82 Ayres Rd., Old Trafford, M'nter.
Gibbs, H., 16 Devonshire Rd., Cambridge.
Gibbs, H., 33 Chatsworth Gdns., Ibrox, G'w.
Gibbs, Miss B., South Farm, Whitnash, Leamington.
Gibbs, Langdale, H., Ingledene, Wood Green.
Gibbs, J., 315 Brownroyd Ter., Bradford.
Gibbs, H. L., 190 Christchurch Rd., Boscombe.
Gibbs, A., The Homestead, Thorpe Village.
Gibbs, Miss, Woodcote Ho., Bassett, Sharnbrook.
Gibbs, A. E., 40 Gracechurch St.
Gibbs, J., Glenbrook, Balerno.

200 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Adams, Miss G., 44 Elm Bank Mans., Barnes.
Allen, W. T., Town Hall, Cardiff.
Anziker, Miss G., Methodist College, Belfast.
Austin, J., 125 Stafford St., Swindon.
Baker, E. F., Sunnyside, Worthing.
Barr, F., Mayor's Walk, Waterford.
Barnard, W. H., 110 N. Frederick St., Glasgow.
Barnesworth, Miss F. B., 94 Granville Rd., Blackburn.
Berry, C., 110 London Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
Bertram, Miss M., 66 Drayton Rd., King's H'th, B'ham.
Birt, A. L., 63 Dalmeny St., Leith.
Bird, Miss A., 10 Pirrie St., Leith.
Black, C., Hareshaw Cottage, Cleland.
Boycott, F. E., Eversley, Aberystwyth.
Boyle, T., 143 Second Ave., Clydebank.
Broadbent, T. W. O., Newton Hall Sch., Stockfield.
Broadbridge, E. W., 36 Carshalton Grove, Sutton.

Brown, W., Radyr, Cardiff.
Bromhead, W. H., 18 Rock St., Sheffield.

Carson, T. A., Plane Trees House, Bradford.
Cetti, H. H., 60 Himley Rd., Dudley.
Chilton, E., 29 Cromwell Rd., Grimsby.
Chubb, A., 5 Southdown Rd., Shoreham.
Clark, Miss A., Edenholme, Montrose.
Clarke, Lea-Cor., 1st Dorset Regt., Portsmouth.
Clements, Miss N., 89 Brecknock Rd., N.W.
Comyns, D., Hendon, Midd'x.
Cooper, J. H., 114 Mansfield St., Nottingham.
Cottle, E., 43 Cromby St., Swindon.
Crisp, G. E., 61 Chesham Rd., So. Croydon.
Cumins, M., 87 Herongate Rd., Wanstead Park.

Daly, P. R.I.C., Ringaskiddy, Cork.
Darby, F., 555 Coventry Rd., Birmingham.
Davies, I. A., 112 High St., Merthyr Tydvil.
Davies, M. E., 40 Church St., Llanfaes, Brecon.
Davis, J., 317 Upland Rd., Dulwich Pk.
Day, E. P., Schoolhouse, Bingham, Nott'm.
Dobell, T. P., 64 Maury Rd., Stoke Newington.
Dunstone, W., 664 Streatham High Rd.

Ellaway, J. R., Lynmoor, Basingstoke.
Ellis, O. G., 9 St. Leonard's Rd., Boxhill.
Emery, Miss N., 19 Midhurst Ave., East Finchley.
Eyes, E., 9 Coronation St., Salfrey, Chester.

Fairchild, F. J., Lynton, Worthing.
Farmer, P., 16 Honyatt Rd., Glaston.
Finkelson, K., Bargates Ho., Whitechurch.
Finlayson, H., 39 Levenbank Terr., Jamestown.
Fleet, H., 46 Yarrowburgh St., Grimsby.
Fish, S., 7 Catmore St., Gravesend.
Foreman, J. H., 80 Blackfriars Rd., Southsea.
Forster, R., 1 Eden Terr., Fence Ho., Durham.
Fox, C., Hartfield, Netley Abbey S't'mpton.
Frankham, W., 96 Rathmore Pl., Cork.

Goodyear, R., 8 Pough St., Barnsley.
Gouldry, J., 118 Ramsden Rd., B'ham.
Green, F. W., 574 Stapleton Rd., Bristol.
Griffith, H. H., 56 Knox Rd., Wellingboro'.
Griffin, H. F., Council School, Shalford.

Hamlet, A. J., Chanony, Caversham, Reading.
Harding, G., 19 High St., Worsley, St'bridge.
Harrison, A. A., 38 Nunthorpe Rd., York.
Hayes, Rev. J. E., Cordier Hill, Guernsey, C.I.
Hayes, L., Ben Nevis, Canterbury.
Hendry, W. A., 82 Western Rd., Woodside, Aberdeen.
Henry, M. B., 22 Norfolk Rd., Dalton.
Herald, B., Nolt Loan Rd., Ayrbroth.
Heseltine, J. A., 31 Bury Ave., Whitley Range, M'nter.
Hill, Miss M., 102 Elborough St., Southfields.
Hoare, C., 9 Marlborough Rd., Bowes Park.
Home, J., 54 Eyre Place, Edinburgh.
Horton, A. L., 54 Thesiger St., Cathays, C'nt.
Houston, J. J., 36 Cleveland St., Glasgow.
Hughes, B., 30 High St., Coventry.
Hughes, T., S.S. Princess Victoria, L'pool.
Hughes, T., 273 New Cross Road.

Jackson, A. M., 27 Madeira Pk., Tunbridge Wells.

Jamieson, H., 56 Upper Kessock St., Inverness.
Jenkinson, M. H., Cholderton, Salisbury.
Jewell, W. J., 3 Hollydale Rd., Peckham.
Jewison, W., 124 Church Rd., Heaton Norris, St'k'p't.
Johnstone, H. M., Unicorn Rd., Portsmouth.
Jolliffe, A. J., 18 New Rd., Portm'th.
Jones, Mrs., 30 Shakerspeare Ave., Southampton.
Jones, J. R., 78 Ruckholt Rd., Leyton.
Jordan, J., Boyle, Ireland.

Keenan, M., 68 St. Ignatius Rd., Dublin.
Kell, E. M., Oakhurst, Tottenham.
Kidd, A., 48 St. Swithen St., Aberdeen.
King, E., 8 Eversley St., Princes Pk., L'pool.

Laidler, G., 4 Welbeck Terr., Broadstairs.
Lambert, Miss A., Dover, Bournemouth.
Le Cor, E. V., 102 Ruper St., New Tredegar.
Light, P., 7 Nelson Sq., Blackfriars Rd.
Llewellyn, J., 23 Knighton Pk. Rd., Sydenham.
Lloyd, D., The Magazine Syndicate, Southport.
Lloyd-Casson, Mrs., 12 Albion St., Castleford.
Longford, H., 61 St. Denys Rd., Southampton.
Lovejoy, Mrs., 188 Park Rd., Crouch End.
Lowe, R., Schoolho., Worlaby, Lincoln.

Maby, A., Banelagh Rd., St. Austell.
McCullagh, Dr. A. R., West Hartlepool.
Macdonald, H., 6 Belvedere Terr., Ayr.
Macgregor, A. D., 5 Trafalgar St., Greenock.
McHaffie, H., 63 Ingleby Dr., Dennistoun, G'w.
MacHugh, A. J., 853 Old Kent Rd., S.E.
McIntyre, J., Meetinghouse St., Strabane.
MacKerr, J., Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent.
MacMicking, J. M., Liverpool Corporation Tram Works.

McPherson, W., 8 Edgar St., Belfast.
Marsh, J. R., Woodlands, Wighton, Cumberland.
Marshall, Mrs., 41 Shirlock Rd., Hampstead.
Masland, Miss, The Island, Tiverton.
Mason, F., 18 Elford Terrace, Leeds.
Mason, V., 10 Colwells Villas, Ponder's End.
Maule, A., Setch, King's Lynn.
Maude, P. J., Melis Brewery, Drogheda.
Meadley, T. W., 28 Kilmalee Rd., Horne Hill.
Milligan, D., Jun., 10 Smith St., Ayr.
Minnards, G., 66 Glasgow St., Northampton.
Minor, J., Victoria Villa, Leicester.
Mitchell, D., S.V. Aster, East Cowes.
Mitchell, S., 91 Picton Rd., L'pool.
Mitchell, W., 112 East St., Farnham.
Mohr, E. F., 61 Argyll Pl., Aberdeen.
Moore, J. A., 1 Rutland Rd., Hford.
Morley, Mrs., 101 Chilton West View, N'th Shields.
Morton, J., Hightown Post-office, Crewe.
Moss, J. A., 13 Nascot St., Shepherd's Bush.
Muir, G., Merryale Stables, Newlands, G'w.
Munro, A., 62 Napierhall St., Glasgow.

Neesen, H., Post-office, Winchester.
Newson, F., 60 Guildhall St., Bury St. Edmunds.

O'Hanlon, M., 29 Redbourn St., Liverpool.
O'Kelly, Miss H., Drogheda, Ireland.
Oliver, T., 226 Salisbury Terr., Gateshead.
Oswald, A. S., Rathclaren, Bray, Ire.
Overton, E., 5 Elizabeth St., Bradford.

Page, H. S., Rampant Horse St., Norwich.
Palmer, W. H., 64 Edgbaston St., B'ham.
Palmer, A. E. J., 23 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
Phillips, S., Hartwood, Holmby St. Mary.
Plaford, T., Haxell's Hotel, Strand.
Powell, G., 61 Coles Lane, Sutton Coldfield, B'ham.
Price, J. H., 63 Bull St., Birmingham.
Prodhom, G., 29 Avignon Rd., Brockley.
Rathbone, E. J., 39 Bushey Pk., Tottenham, Br'l.
Reeves, S., 49 Inwood Cr., Brighton.
Rhodes, Mrs., Fernleigh, King's H'th, B'ham.
Richardson, Miss, 36 Sherburn St., Hull.
Richardson, P., 31 Turney Rd., Streatham Hill.
Ridhols, C., Dimson, Gunnislake, Corn.
Robinson, E. L. D., Bodicote Vicarage, Oxon.
Rolle, Miss C., 184 Iverson Rd., W. Hampstead.

St. Leonards, S., Downton, Stonehouse, Glos.
Samson, C., Rosemount, Blairgowrie.
Samways, Mrs., 60 Blackboy Rd., Exeter.
Sawell, W., Heath Dene, Coventry.
Shaw, L., 2 Hill House Rd., Norwich.
Shaw, T., 53 Darlington St., West Bromwich.
Shearer, Miss K. N., 21 Montgomerie St., Ardrossan.
Shiell, J. A. J., Walker and Wallend Gas Co., Wallend.
Simpson, Mrs., 7 Adelaide Rd., Seaforth, L'pool.
Simpson, J., Abbey View, Stirling.
Sinfield, Mrs. K., Wootton, Bedford.
Slack, J., 50 Hall St., Southport.
Small, J., 7 Park Avenue, Paisley.
Smith, B., 6 Breydon Rd., Cobholm.
Smith, H. W., Kersbrook Ho., B. Salterton.
Smithman, J., 102 Brickho. Lane, Gt. Edge, Tipton.
Squires, A., Cleveland House, Pershore.
Starrett, S., Dunfield Terr., Londonderry.
Stevenson, W., 31 Rothsay Rd., Forest Gate.
Stuart, L. C., 4 Basilston Terrace, S. Woodford.
Sutcliffe, W., 59 Todmorden Rd., Burnley.

Taylor, A., Oxford Rd., Newland, Witney.
Thomas, A. H., Lismore, Brington, Br'l.
Thomas, Miss M., 234 Lansdowne Villas, Charlton.
Tindal, Mrs. J. D., 51 Milbank Rd., Dundee.
Tingay, B., 14 Lawson St., Stillington, Dur.
Trevor, F. A., Central Studio, Scunthorpe.
Truran, J. P., 12 Trinity Gdns., Farnham.
Turner, C. E., Grove Hospital, Tooting.
Turnbull, H., 77 Arran St., Roath, Cardiff.
Underwood, C. H., Cable Villa, Paignton.

Valentine, J., 91 Park Rd., Preston.
Walker, J., Long Newton, Tetbury, Glos.
Way, A. G., 6 Chelmer Rd., Honeiton.
Wells, R., High St., Uppingham.
Welshy, C. M., 110 Brynland Ave., Bristol.
West, Mrs., Shelton School, Newark-on-Trent.
Westgarth, A. E., 15 High Street, Normanby.
Westman, J., 4 Belmont Terr., Terenure, Dub.
Williamson, F. A., 1 St. Mary's Villas, Mortlake.
Wilson, T. B., 18 The Terrace, Penzance.
Wood, H., 6 Gordon Rd., Portlaid.
Woodsman, F., Rhoslanerchrugog.
Wren, J., 93 Main St., Polokshaws, G'w.
Wright, A., Glencoe View, East Ardsley.
Wright, Miss E. E., 161 Marine Parade, Brighton.
Wright, F., Moore Cottage, Hampstead Gdn. Sub.

Last Days of Great Beauty Contest.

CLOSING DATE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1909.

Now that the conclusion of the Beauty Contest is a question of a few days, there is a great stir in the ranks of the competitors. Many a fair lady has awakened to the fact that if the valuable prize of £250 is to come her way, and if she is to establish her claim to be voted the most beautiful woman in Britain, she must use every hour of the short time left to her.

And not only does this activity and remarkable

enthusiasm refer to candidates, but also to those living in the same towns. For these loyal supporters are striving might and main to bring their fair townswomen to the top of the list.

This is as it should be, and a unique and proud distinction will be conferred upon that fortunate town which furnishes the Queen of British Beauty.

For the purpose of the contest we have divided the country into the following ten divisions:

DIVISION 1—Scotland.
DIVISION 2—Ireland.
DIVISION 3—Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, Isle of Man, and Channel Islands.
DIVISION 4—Yorkshire.
DIVISION 5—Lancashire.
DIVISION 6—Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire.
DIVISION 7—Wales (which comprises Anglesey, Brecon, Cardigan, Carmarthen,

Carmarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan, Merioneth, Montgomery, Pembroke, and Radnor), Shropshire, Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and Warwickshire.
DIVISION 8—Cornwall, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wilts'r, Berkshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire.
DIVISION 9—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Rutland, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire.
DIVISION 10—County of London and Middlesex.

CONDITIONS:

Fill in the name and address of your nominee on the coupon below and forward it in an envelope addressed to Beauty Department, Pearson's Weekly, 17 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C. Each coupon received will count as one vote and be duly credited to the lady named. But if you, or any friend of yours, will send us 1s. 1d. (a three months' subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY), we will credit you or your nominee with 50 extra votes. For 2s. 2d. (six months' subscription), 100 extra votes. For 4s. 6d. (a year's subscription, including two double numbers), 200 extra votes.

IMPORTANT.—These extra votes will only be given to those readers who send us one of the above subscriptions, and the name and address of a responsible newsgent who will deliver to him or keep for him every week a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Or you can pay the money to your newsgent, instructing him to send us the receipt, when we will credit you with the equivalent number of votes. Or you can send us the receipt yourself. Only receipts on newsgents' printed bill-heads will be recognised.

To the lady who, on the conclusion of the competition, has had the largest number of votes polled in her favour will be awarded the **First Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds.**

And to the lady who has been credited with the largest number of

votes in each Division will be awarded a prize of **Ten Pounds**, making a Total Prize List of **Three Hundred and Fifty Pounds.**

In the Division of the winner of the First Prize, the £10 prize will go to the second lady in the list.

There is of course no restriction to the number of coupons you may send in, but when forwarding a batch they should be pinned together and the number enclosed stated on the left hand top corner of the envelope. Coupons are available up to the dates clearly marked on each coupon.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" BRITISH BEAUTY CONTEST.—Voting Coupon No. 23.

I wish to place a vote to the credit of

Name.....

Address.....

Division.....

All coupons must be sent to Beauty Dept., "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C. This coupon No. 23 must be at "Pearson's Weekly" Offices not later than February 16th.

Please Write Clearly and in Ink.

Names of the Leading Candidates in the Ten Divisions.

Divi-	Name.	Town.
1.	Miss MARY ALLAN	Glasgow.
2.	Miss MAY HUGHES	Dublin.
3.	Miss OLIVE PUCKELL	Newcastle.
4.	Miss MADGE STEES	Ribston, Yorks.
5.	Miss MARIE LEONHARD	Urmston, Man- chester.
6.	Miss FLOESSIE ANNETTA PERRY	Leicester.
7.	Miss LILIAN GOULDEN	Coventry.
8.	Miss SYBIL MAY BLIGHT	Helston.
9.	Mrs. HARPER	Martham.
10.	Miss DAISIE BARTON	West Kensington.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1909.

	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Good Friday . . . April 9th.	M 7 14 21 28	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 6 13 20 27	Feb. 12 . . . 6.6
Easter Monday . . April 12th.	M 1 8 15 22	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 4 11 18 25	M 7 14 21 28	" 13 . . . 6.8
Whitsun Monday . . May 31st.	T 3 9 16 23	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 5 12 19 26	T 8 15 22 29	" 14 . . . 6.10
Bank Holiday . . August 2nd.	W 3 10 17 24	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 6 13 20 27	W 9 16 23 30	" 15 . . . 6.12
Christmas Day . . December 25.	T 4 11 18 25	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 7 14 21 28	T 10 17 24 31	" 16 . . . 6.13
Boxing Day . . December 27.	F 5 12 19 26	F 5 12 19 26	F 9 16 23 30	F 8 15 22 29	F 11 18 25	" 17 . . . 6.15
	S 6 13 20 27	S 6 13 20 27	S 10 17 24	S 9 16 23 30	S 12 19 26	" 18 . . . 6.17

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING } INSURANCE.

502 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days of the above accident.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a sailor, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsgent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsgent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....
Available from 9 a.m., Thursday, February 11th, 1909, until midnight, Friday, February 19th, 1909.

*If
you
go
the
pace*



Take BEECHAM'S PILLS